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BODIES AWAITING IDENTIFICATION.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE FIRE.

BURNING OF THE NEW THEATRE AT EXETER, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The appalling conflagration on Monday night at the new Theatre Royal, Exeter, where close upon one hundred and fifty persons appear to have been suffocated within the burning playhouse, was naturally made the subject of a Ministerial interrogation in the House of Commons on Tuesday. Deeply impressed by the deplorable number of deaths, Mr. Henry Matthews had evidently armed himself to reply to any questions. Unfortunately, small comfort was derived from the Home Secretary's answers to Sir J. Puleston and Dr. Tanner. We learnt from him what was known before, that the Home Office had no control over provincial theatres, which are under the jurisdiction of the local Justices of the Peace; and that "within the Metropolitan area the Metropolitan Board of Works have sufficient power to enforce any precautions which may be necessary, and have largely acted on those powers." Admitted. But are the London theatres much safer? It is no exaggeration to say that the Exeter or Paris Opéra Comique calamities might, in case of fire and panic, be repeated any night in town, so utterly inadequate are the safeguards adopted at the majority of London theatres.

The most satisfactory portion of the Home Secretary's statement was that in which he declared, amid the sympathetic cheers of the House, "the terrible calamity at Exeter shows the necessity for legislation in future, and the Government will give their immediate attention to the matter." In order to mature a really effective measure during the recess, Mr. Matthews should consult Mr. F. D. Dixon-Hartland, who has made a special study of the means to ensure the safety of theatres, and who had the assistance of one or more of the most experienced playgoers in framing the draught of his own Bill on the subject. I may add that Mr. J. Blundell Maple repeats a valuable suggestion, i.e.:—

That at the back of the gallery and at the back of the upper boxes and dress circle in all theatres, there should be doors to open on an external wall, and outside of the wall should be erected a large, wide iron balcony, with a high hand-rail and two sets of stairs to go from balcony to balcony until *terra-firma* is reached. If such a balcony, with staircases, had existed at the Exeter Theatre I feel convinced not one life would have been lost.

This may be supplemented by the joint opinion of the managers of the Prince of Wales's, who write that—

The three great precautions against loss of life by fire in theatres are: first and foremost, an iron curtain, which should be used at every performance; secondly, the use of electric light throughout the building; and, thirdly, double means of exit from all parts of the house.

While the Home Secretary has all these safeguards, and other obvious ones, under consideration, it is earnestly to be hoped the local authorities will in the meantime be stimulated by the lamentable catastrophe at Exeter to exercise vigilant supervision over our theatres and over managers generally, too prone to lull themselves into a sense of false security.

The Marquis of Salisbury's impatience even at such moderate debating as occasionally arises in the House of Lords has of late betrayed itself by a growing habit of drumming with his feet upon the floor. His Lordship could brook Parliamentary procrastination no longer. Letting fly a well-barbed arrow against Mr. Gladstone ere he left Hatfield—I refer to the letter in which the Prime Minister incisively stated for the benefit of the Bridgeton Conservatives that "by a dextrous ambiguity of language many Unionists have been persuaded for the time that Mr. Gladstone has abandoned his separatist designs, but as time goes on the proposed policy must be explained"—the noble Marquis departed for Royal, there to take the waters in the congenial society of the Editor of *Punch*.

Mr. W. H. Smith, recuperating himself when he can in the pure river air of Henley, meanwhile bravely leads the House of Commons through the closing nights of this unduly prolonged Session. It would be idle to overlook the fact that considerable dissatisfaction is shown by many stanch Ministerialists at sitting as late as September. They would, no doubt, welcome the entrance of Lord Hartington into the Ministry, and his consequent leadership. For that would unquestionably insure the greater stability of the Government during the remainder of the present Parliament. But after? With his accustomed "hard-headedness," the Marquis of Hartington, having an eye to the future as well as the present, may reasonably hesitate long before he takes a step which might be irrevocable, and which would certainly be directly in opposition to the traditions of the House of Cavendish. It is hinted, however, that the noble Lord's trusty henchman, Sir Henry James, would have less hesitation in transferring his seat to the Treasury bench.

The Speaker and Mr. Leonard Courtney, sigh and long though they may for freedom to hie away from town in the debonair fashion of Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury, faithfully cling to their posts—i.e., the Chair.

The Coal Mine Regulation Bill, read the third time by the Commons last Saturday, and the first time by the Lords on Tuesday, is one of those few measures in the amendment of which both sides have co-operated; Mr. Thomas Burt vieing with Mr. Matthews in the zeal with which he has sought to lighten the hard lot of colliers, and reduce their peril to a minimum. There can be not a doubt Parliament would be prepared early next Session to consider with equal earnestness a Theatres Regulation Bill, which it is to be hoped the Ministry will introduce.

The Labourers' Allotment Bill, too, though offering but meagre facilities for the acquirement of lands by peasants, is a step in the right direction. But the measure read the first time by the Lords on Tuesday (after it had been well threshed out in the Commons) is but a very small instalment of that sweeping measure of land reform which the country will insist upon having ere long.

Sir Henry Holland, who gives general satisfaction as Secretary for the Colonies, very neatly turned the tables on that unconscionably dry critic, Sir George Campbell, on Tuesday. The hon. member for the Kirkcaldy District was fulminating in Committee of Supply against the policy of intrusting Queensland with the control of New Guinea, when Sir Henry Holland quietly remarked that he had recently read in a book, entitled "The British Empire," by Sir George Campbell, that "Queensland has turned over a new leaf in the matter." Laughter, of course, followed the apt retort of the genial Secretary for the Colonies.

The Session still draws its slow length along. But, happily, Prorogation looms in sight. We are all—those that are left of us—heavily tired of Parliament. The Recess will be cordially hailed, not only as a period of richly-won rest and relaxation, but as a period in which the Liberal Unionist Leader may definitively determine whether or not he will join the Administration he persistently, if not consistently, supports, and so remove the existing feeling of uncertainty in the public mind. Let us hope also that in the Recess, Mr. T. M. Healy and other Irish members who have provoked such disorderly scenes in Committee on the Irish Estimates will find opportunity to mend their manners. Mr. Healy possesses such good qualities that he may well make an effort to rise superior to the unfortunate habit he has of using abusive language when at white-heat in the House of Commons.

BURNING OF THE EXETER THEATRE.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

One of the most terrible disasters caused by fire in a theatre, and crushing in the attempt to escape, took place at Exeter on Monday night. The new theatre, built by a company, in Longbrook-street, below Northernhay, at the top of High-street, was opened last October, and was leased to Mr. Sidney Herbert Basing. The theatrical company of Mr. Gilbert Elliott, under the management of Mr. Russell Rosse, for the performance of Mr. G. R. Sims's popular play, "The Romany Rye," had undertaken a series of representations. The first was begun on Monday evening. There were between 700 and 800 persons in the theatre, of whom 191 were in the gallery, very few in the dress-circle, upper boxes, and stalls, while the pit was crowded. At ten minutes past ten, when Mr. Mouillet, acting the part of Scagger, was alone on the stage uttering a soliloquy, the drop-scene fell suddenly. This was thought a mere accident, and some of the audience laughed at it. Presently, smoke was seen coming out beneath the drop-scene, and sparks falling on the stage. Cries of "Fire!" were raised; and the audience rushed to the doors, their fright being increased by the burning-up of the drop-scene, which showed the stage filled with raging flames. The people in the pit, stalls, and upper circle got out easily and quietly. In the gallery, the most crowded part of the house, a fearful panic arose; women shrieked and swooned; men, half mad with excitement, rushed and stumbled over those lying prostrate. In descending the gallery staircase a block ensued; as the people were unable to escape, a great number of deaths from burning and suffocation was the result. The space of time intervening between the fall of the act-drop and the theatre being in a complete blaze was very short; persons in the lower part of the house scarcely had time to reach the main entrance-hall before the interior was converted into a furnace, and the flames raged with a fury which has seldom been exceeded.

Outside the theatre the sight was a pitiable one. People appeared on the balcony over the front entrance, wringing their hands and crying for help. The scene near the gallery windows was most distressing. As soon as possible, ladders were brought; but the fire raged too fiercely for the help to be of much avail. The fire brigades of the city and neighbourhood were quickly on the spot, and the fire-escape was promptly run up from the Guildhall by the police force. There was a good supply of water at hand, and the firemen were able to attack the conflagration at all points; but the theatre was quickly destroyed.

The struggle for life inside the theatre at one time must have been terrible. The rescuers state that bodies on the steps and in the passages to the gallery were crushed, charred, bleeding, and mingled in fearful confusion with the falling ruins. The throng in the balconies increased in numbers, and in their terror some could not be restrained from leaping into the road, in which several were killed. A strong medical staff was soon on the spot. The living sufferers were promptly dispatched to the Devon and Exeter Hospital.

The bodies of the dead were during the night conveyed to the stable-yard at the back of the New London Hotel, which immediately faces the theatre. In the shed were arranged in three ghastly rows the bodies which had been recovered from the gallery. The sight was a horrible one. Many of the faces of the dead were terribly convulsed, and some were burnt; others presented the calm aspect suggestive of death from suffocation. Many of the bodies were very much scorched, almost beyond recognition. In a number of cases the skin of the hand was so blackened and scorched up as almost to resemble a kid glove in the act of being taken off. In the shed nearly sixty bodies lay awaiting identification during the next day. Outside was a pile of bones and cinder beyond all possibility of identification, but which was stated to contain the remains of some thirty human beings. Inside the stable were three other groups of nine men and women, not to mention a sickening heap of charred remains calculated to represent some twenty persons.

The greater part of the loss of life was on the stairs from the gallery. In these stairs were two very abrupt turns; on one of the turns stood the ticket-box, and it appears that in the rush this was turned over and fell down the second flight, completely blocking the way. Many were here suffocated; it was only when those at the back saw the danger that they burst through the window on to the parapets and were rescued thence. In the ruins was found a heap of human remains, which had evidently fallen with the gallery, and which were those of at least twenty people who had been literally burnt to death. Some of the victims were from the upper box-circle.

The list of dead persons identified, and that of persons missing, amount already to 166, nearly all belonging to the working-classes of Exeter, Heavitree, and other suburbs, with a few from Crediton and Silverton. Inquiries are being made as to Mr. P. S. M. Gossett, of Christchurch College, and Mr. Templand, his friend, who it is feared are among those whose bodies are unrecognisable. Two carpenters of the theatre perished in the "flies," where the fire is thought to have begun from the gaslights.

A combined meeting of the Corporation and citizens was held on Tuesday evening, when resolutions were carried expressing sympathy with the sufferers and opening a list of subscriptions for their relief. Allusion was made to the numerous acts of bravery performed by individuals, as well as to the admirable services of the military, fire brigades men, police, and railway officials. Over £400 was subscribed to a fund, including £100 from the Hon. H. S. Northcote, M.P. for Exeter.

The following message has been sent by command of the Queen:—

"I ask you to express her Majesty's deep sympathy with the injured in last night's accident, and with the families of those who have been killed."

"HENRY MATTHEWS, Home Secretary."

Captain Shaw, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and Colonel Sir Charles Firth, of the Fire Brigades Association, visited the scene of the fire on Tuesday.

The City Coroner (Mr. Hooper) opened the inquest, at the New London Hotel, on Tuesday afternoon. The proceedings were adjourned.

An explosion occurred on Tuesday afternoon at the Don Steel Works, Brightside-lane, Sheffield, the property of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Co., which caused the loss of eight lives and injury to several others. The company is engaged in the manufacture of heavy steel castings of ordnance, and it was in the casting of a ponderous gun jacket that the accident occurred.

The Registrar-General's returns for the past week show that in London 2297 births and 1339 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 368, and the deaths 135, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 30 from measles, 39 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 42 from whooping-cough, 10 from enteric fever, 132 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 4 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. No deaths from smallpox were registered.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

This is about the dullest period of the whole year in fashion, as in every other department of affairs. But already slight signs of the autumn revival are apparent, and I can give my readers two pieces of authentic early information. The most stylish autumn hats and bonnets will be either altogether made of shot materials, or, at least, trimmed with ribbon, feathers, or flowers, of changing sheen. Shot velvets, as well as the more familiar shot silks, are prepared for making shapes; ribbons, shading from blue to brown, or from brown to deep red, or from green to heliotrope, or from pink to dark grey, are ready for folding into the large bows which will be a feature of the trimmings of chapeaux, the best ribbons being often watered as well as shot; and both ostrich tips and stiff wings are dyed in variegated tints to correspond. Plain white wings and breasts, however, will be much used as hat trimmings in conjunction with the shot ribbons and velvets. The other piece of news I have to give is that watered, or moiré, silks will be highly fashionable for gowns. The day of the thick corded Ottoman silks is over; plain silks with a rather bright surface, and watered ones, are to be the "only wear" this autumn.

The first night of the new play, "Pleasure," at Drury-Lane, proved to me once more how very effective black is for theatre dresses. Black velvet or black silk, cut rather low, and trimmed round with a handsome berthe of jet, is more distinguished than any brightness or eccentricity of colour and cut. A decidedly striking instance of the latter was a pale pink soft silk, the bodice cut straight off so as to form a rigid line across the bust at about the level of the point of the shoulder, and the edge bound with a narrow piece of black velvet; a strap of black velvet served for a sleeve. This bodice was cut in a great many pieces (cuirasse fashion) so as to sit very tightly to the figure. But altogether it was more remarkable than becoming. A salmon-coloured gown with waistcoat of pink and white beading looked very well. Baroness Burdett-Coutts was there, wearing a biscuit-coloured dress, and a little blue wreath on her head. One of Miss Alma Murray's stage dresses was very pretty. It was a soft fawn-coloured cashmere, the front of the bodice crossing loosely over the figure, fichu fashion, and the sleeves having a puffed top, then about two inches of "smocking" coming just above the elbow, and then a second fulness, ending in a frill gathered on a band, a little beneath the elbow.

Without trenching on the prerogatives of the theatrical critic, I may say of the play that I do not remember ever to have seen one in which women were represented as so utterly and uniformly contemptible. There are five female "speaking characters," of whom three are "creatures," odious and detestable, leering out of blackened eyes, and perpetually asking men, in fawning tones, to give them a thousand francs. The heroine is not only unvirtuous, but mean-spirited; her function in every scene being to chase the hero all about the Riviera, in order to fall on her knees when she finds him, and pray that he will mercifully condescend to marry her; while the only other woman in the piece is likewise pursuing the man whom she wants to marry, and whom, as she elegantly puts it, she is "going to buy with a million dollars." This is the view of the female mind and manners presented in "Pleasure." A virtuous and self-respecting maid-of-all-work, however out of elbows and grimy, would have been a comfort as a foil to this contemptible lot; but no relief whatever was afforded us. Such unredeemed sordidness and grovelling supplication was not a pretty picture of womanhood, and the half-unconscious revolt of the audience against it was a satisfactory protest against such debasement of the ideal of the sex. It is to be admitted that the men were equally despicable, and did not deserve to be associated with better women. It may be true, as Thackeray said, that—"There's a sort of crime which is not complete unless the lucky rogue boasts of it afterwards; and the man who betrays your honour in the first place is pretty sure to betray your secret too." But, though the cynic be correct in this, it is not an effective introduction for a hero to show him in the act of betraying to another man—and, doing so absolutely without a vestige of excuse—the secret of the woman whom he yet professes to intend to make his Viscountess. Real men and women are, no doubt, a poor lot; but not so bad yet as to dispense altogether with some ideal of female purity and dignity, and of male chivalry, in their plays and their fiction. Now, the only excuse for the contemptible light in which all the women are shown in "Pleasure" is that all the men are at least as despicable.

"Cards on the table" about the admission of women to degrees at Cambridge. It was with much surprise and regret that I learned that Professor Henry Sidgwick was leading the opposition to the admission of women to the degree examinations, although in past times he has been one of the warmest advocates and most valuable workers for the cause of women's university education. I learn that the real meaning of this mournful apparent falling away is that Newnham College, with which many of the leaders of the opposition to giving women degrees are identified, has not followed strictly the curriculum necessary for preparing students for passing the various degree examinations. Hence, the past Newnham students could not claim that they had in fact been duly trained, and proved themselves qualified, for degrees; hence, also, if the degree examinations were opened, considerable pressure would naturally be exerted on the authorities of Newnham to lead them to prepare their students to take those tests, and they would be almost forced to modify their present arrangements. Girton, on the other hand, has all along strictly followed the course prescribed by the University for its male students. Hence, the past graduates of Girton would be justified in asking that degrees should be conferred retrospectively on all who have passed through its course and taken its certificates; and moreover, Girton would not need to modify its present course in order to prepare its future students for degree examinations.

It is sad to think that local jealousies should be interfering in a matter of such consequence. The policy of Girton seems to me the most astute. Women cannot afford to be the pioneers of educational reforms at the present juncture. When they have abundantly and beyond civil proved that they are able to satisfy the identical educational tests which have for generations been offered to men, then such of them as see fit may agitate for any alteration in the course and the test that they think desirable. But while the question is still at stake whether it is worth while to educate girls—whether young women can acquire knowledge as well as young men—it is necessary for the female students to do precisely what the male ones do. Their work would not be credited if they did only what was equivalent to, but different from, what is done by male students. To produce an effect, what the women graduates do must be the same as what is done by those of the other sex. When a lady is a wrangler, or a senior classic, all the world understands that she is a greatly distinguished student. When she holds a B.A. degree, it is known at once that she is a person of a certain culture. These are tests which are popularly appreciated. Special training and special tests for women will not at present command similar respect.

F. F.M.

SLATELAND.

The little village of Abercwm lies at the junction of three valleys, or, rather, where two streams and two valleys converge and run, a broader stream in a wider valley, down to the river in the lowlands. There is no need to go far to catch sight of a slate quarry. Two majestic hills rise above the village on either side of one of the lesser streams, and the rich vein of slate runs through them both. The western hill is covered with a magnificent growth of forest trees, except above the rivulet. On that side there is nothing but a bare slope of slate rubble and waste that has been thrown out of the workings. Here and there on the mountain, which looks as if some huge waterfall had suddenly been arrested and turned into slate, is a platform with a small square opening. These holes are the entrances to the tunnels or "levels," and are the doors of the quarry, as it were. The whole mountain is a hollow sham; in every direction it is pierced with galleries and workings, which have honeycombed it till it is nothing but a shell resting on immense pillars of slate-rock; and if you climb to the top and walk along the paths between the trees, the ground rings hollow under your feet, and involuntarily the thought occurs to you that some day the huge columns of slate that support the hill may give way, and the whole mass collapse.

The mountain across the valley is bare but for the purple heather and golden gorse which make it glorious in the autumn; but there is a quarry in its side, half hidden in a nick or crevice, which marks where the pressure of the trap-rock on the vein is greatest, and where the slate is consequently the best. It is a tiresome climb up a rugged stony path which does duty as a water-course in winter, and on our way we stride across an incline, down which the trucks of slate make their last descent to the tram-line on the level by the stream below. Just beyond are the engine-house and sawing and planing sheds; but, as we wish to follow the process from mining the blocks out of the rock till we see the finished slates or slabs, we turn off uphill to the right, and strike a sheep-track that zigzags up the grassy slope, and, after a ten-minutes' scramble, reach the first level, short of breath and tired of leg. As we stop to pant, or, more euphemistically, to admire the view, we hear a long low rumble coming from the interior of the hill, and from the square opening of the level a trolley, pushed by two men, bursts suddenly into the daylight, and is run along the tram-line to the very edge of the cliff, where it is tipped over, and great blocks of slate go crashing and bounding down the slope. We have taken the foreman with us, and he explains that this is waste slate that the labourers have cleared out of the miners' way, and have now sent over the "tip," as there is no possible use that can be made of it. A comparatively short scramble leads us to the second level, and then, following the tram-line, we enter the mountain-side in Indian file. The tunnel is cut straight through the solid Cambrian rock, and measures about six feet square. There is a constant dripping of water from the roof, and underfoot it is very wet. After a few yards it gets rather dark, and the sleepers of the rails make walking a matter of difficulty; but a patch of white light ahead shows us that our burrow is not a very long one, and soon we emerge into daylight again, for the first working is an open one. We find ourselves about half way down a great circular hole or well in the mountain-side, on a narrow ledge protected by a light iron hand-rail. Down below is the half worked "bargain," as the places from which the men get the slate are called. There are four men at work—two miners and two labourers. The latter are shovelling slate rubbish down a black-looking hole to the right, which is technically known as "the sink," and leads to the level below, and the two miners are wrenching with their crowbars at a huge piece of slate that has been loosened by firing a charge. The bargain is called "John Thomas," because that is the name of the contractor or captain of the bargain, and it produces slate of excellent quality, although a little hardened by exposure to the air. John Thomas himself is a tall, well-made man, close-shaven but for a long fair moustache, and now he is throwing all his weight on to his crowbar in the attempt to dislodge a fine piece of rock. Presently the slab yields and stands out from the mass, and then a little judicious working at the sides topples it over on to the soft slate débris on the floor of the bargain. The two labourers then bring their crowbars and work the slate carefully towards the "sink," then it is attached by strong chains to a crane overhead, swung out over the hole, and lowered down to the trolleys that wait for it below.

Before proceeding any further the foreman plunges his hand into a *crevass* in the trap-rock and produces a bundle of dips. He then turns out some old newspaper from his pocket, and, wrapping a bit round the ends of the candles, lights them and hands us each one. Once more we plunge into the dripping tunnel, this time with our footsteps illuminated by the flickering of the dips. In a very short time we reach a great chamber cut out of the solid rock, so huge and dark that our candles are but glimmering specks in the gloom. Overhead we can faintly distinguish the vaulted roof, while far down below the clang of the miners tools rings out dully above the monotonous "drip, drip," of the water. The place is justly known as "The Dark Hole," and the workmen are not directly below us, but to the right in a sort of subsidiary burrow. Our conductor shouts down into the darkness; a shout answers him back; then follows a colloquy in Welsh at the top of the voice, and presently far down on the right a dim flame appears moving about, a yellow spot in the gloom, to give us some idea of the position of the workings. Over the edge of the rock hangs a rusty chain, and this is the staircase by which the men descend to their bargain. Onward we grope our way again with three or four inches of running water under our feet, until at last, by the faint light of the dips, two or three bearded figures loom through the darkness, and we arrive at another bargain. Hitherto we have been above the workers, here we are beneath them; in fact, we are just under the "sink" down which the blocks are lowered after being detached from the slate-rock of the bargain above. A shout comes down the "sink," and we all stand back, holding our candles above our heads and straining our eyes to pierce the gloom. Then with a rattling of chains and a dull bumping from side to side of the narrow sink a huge mass of slate comes down and falls upon the soft bed of rubbish and pounded slate that lies ready to receive it. In a moment the men attack the piece of rock and lever it on to a trolley with their crowbars; but this is a difficult job, and takes some considerable time, for the weight of the blocks is enormous. We are now well into the mountain, with solid rock all round us in every direction, and just at this moment the men driving a tunnel overhead fire a "shot," which bursts upon us with a long sullen roar, and trembles away through the mountain, leaving us with the feeling that the air has been suddenly compressed around us, and with a very vivid impression that a tremor is running through the rock that surrounds our tunnel. Hardly has the shock died away, than a second "shot" is fired with an even worse concussion than the first; and, though the foreman assures us that no more will be fired, we are not sorry to retrace our steps and make for the open air. We pass by the men hard at work in the darkness, and at last quit the tunnel, experiencing a curious sensation of relief at having so much

light and space all round us again. Outside, the men are preparing to lower the block we saw inside down to the engine-house by fastening it securely to the trolley by a stout chain. It is then pushed to the edge of the incline and hooked on to the wire rope that is wound round a "drum," and controlled by a strong brake; one man takes his place at the brake, and the other pushes the trolley over the edge. Slowly the counterpoise begins to ascend, and the slate to go down the steep line of rails; quicker and quicker the rope is paid out until the trolley with the slate slab runs safely on to the level ground below, and the counterpoise runs up over the edge of the incline and stops short just by the drum-house.

When we have seen one level we have seen all; but we enter tunnel number three in order to look at the driving for the extension of the workings. About fifty yards in we come upon the man who gave us such queer sensations down below; he is driving a hole in the trap-rock with a hammer and a tool that looks like a long nail, by the light of a single dip stuck against the wall in a dab of clay. When he has driven two holes of a convenient depth he will ram charges of powder in, and this will be fired at a stated hour, shattering the rock all round, and allowing the blocks of stone to be taken out of the tunnel. His work is monotonous and uninteresting, so we turn our backs on him, and grope our way down the broad tunnel back to daylight.

Having seen the interior, we descend a very steep pitch, past all the levels, and down by the side of the great incline to the engine-house and workshops. There is quite a little village in this sheltered corner, built chiefly on accumulations of slate rubbish. There are four or five cottages, each with its little garden sloping very much down hill, blacksmith's and carpenter's shops, and the large shed where the slate is dressed. The tram-line continues from the bottom of the great incline right through this house, and on each side are ranged the saw-tables with little sidings running off from the main line between each one. As we enter the house, one of the men is just preparing to split the huge block we saw taken out of the bargain and sent down the incline; so our friend the foreman takes the hammer and chisel from him and proceeds to tap the block and look at it all round with his head very much on one side. Then he places the chisel against the slate and strikes it gently with the hammer. In this way he scores a line across the block, carefully following the run of the grain. Then he goes along the line a second time with heavier taps, and at the third time the block slowly splits in two smoothly and evenly. This process is repeated until the mass of slate is cut into as many slabs as possible, the thinner and larger each slab the more valuable the result. These slabs are then moved on to the saw-tables, and are carefully sawn into rectangular pieces before being taken to the planing table, where both surfaces are planed quite smooth and true, and the slab is ready for the market. If the foreman does not consider a block from the bargains large enough for slabs, he has it split into pieces about six inches thick, and after these have been sawn at top and bottom they are piled up in the splitting-sheds outside ready for the slate-splitters. These men, sitting on a low stool, take a mass of slate twenty-four inches by fourteen inches and six inches thick, and, resting it against the left knee, strike it very gently with a short broad chisel and a wooden mallet. After a few taps the slate comes in two pieces, and then one half is treated in the same way, until the block has been split, if possible, into slates about a quarter of an inch thick. When a few hundred of these are ready the trimmer takes them in hand. He sits with a long iron blade let into a piece of wood between his knees, and having scratched on the slate the length and breadth it is to be with a notched stick, which marks the various quarry sizes, he places the slate on the blade, and, with a long and heavy knife, chops it to the required size with marvellous accuracy. Outside the sheds are long rows of slates of all the qualities and all the sizes ready for shipping. They lie there by thousands, every fiftieth slate being slightly raised for convenience in counting. On the other side the various slabs are piled up together, according to their sizes and thicknesses, ready to be placed in the trucks and sent down the incline to the tramway below, which conducts them six miles down hill to the junction with the main line of railway.

It is a hard day's work going through a quarry and examining everything; but there is so much to be seen that is interesting and novel to a stranger that one can grudge neither the time nor the trouble spent over it. For some years past the slate trade has been in a very depressed state; but there are now some signs of revival, and it is to be hoped that matters will go on improving, for closed quarries and ruined owners mean wholesale disaster and depopulation to the many villages of North Wales that are entirely dependent on the slate industry.

J. W. P.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The Twentieth Annual Trades Union Congress was opened on Monday at Swansea, the delegates receiving a welcome from the Mayor. In the report read by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., the Parliamentary Committee pointed out that although the past year had not been marked by any great demand for labour, the enormous supply of food for the people was a redeeming feature of the present time. The agricultural depression, the Committee believed, must shortly be solved by freeing land from its ancient laws and effete conditions of tenure.

On Tuesday the proceedings opened with the presidential address, given by Mr. W. Bevan, President of the Trades Council of the town. The address dealt with the labours of the Royal Commission on Trade, and commented unfavourably on the system of overtime, advocated more labour representation in Parliament, and the establishment of an International Labour Board. Resolutions were carried having reference to the Employers' Liability Act, the compulsory examination of enginemen, and the more rigid inspection of factories and workshops. A debate on increased labour representation in Parliament was raised, during which Mr. Hardy, of Ayr, made an attack upon Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., for his recent action at the Brixton and Northwich elections, to which Mr. Broadhurst replied at some length.

A crowded meeting, under the auspices of the International Peace Association, was held in the evening in connection with the Congress, a large number of delegates being present. The Mayor (Mr. Yeo, M.P.) occupied the chair. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that, war having signally failed to settle disputes between nations, a practical remedy was to be found in referring international differences to arbitration, and that the supremacy of Parliament in all questions relating to political treaties, annexation of territory, and declarations of war, should be strictly maintained.

The foundation-stone of the Jubilee Clock-Tower, to be erected at Gravesend in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee, was laid on Tuesday by the Mayor (Mr. W. Fletcher). The cost of the building is to be defrayed by local subscriptions. The occasion was observed as a general holiday. Several young ladies presented the Mayoress with purses containing money, which were placed on the stone.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The hill country of Upper Burmah, to the south-east of Mandalay, continues to be disturbed by dacoits, or bands of marauders, who recently drove the Burmese police out of Choungoo, an outpost some miles beyond Pouk, which is a somewhat important centre. The dacoits then threatened Pouk, which was saved by Colonel Ebden, commanding at Pyoukyoung, the nearest military post to Pouk. He made a forced march of twenty miles and arrived just in time to save Pouk, which was surrounded by a large body of dacoits, and which the Burmese police were about to evacuate. Pouk is now held by a small force of infantry and cavalry.

Our correspondent, Lieutenant E. R. Penrose, of the 23rd Bombay Light Infantry, sends a sketch of the village-well at Pouk, and writes as follows:—"Our post here is situated on the steep bank of the nullah shown to the right in the sketch. This watercourse, which is a turbid torrent in the rainy season, is now dried up, and we have to get our water in the same way that the Burmese do—namely, by digging. Our Sepoys, who are all 'high caste' men, cannot use the same places as the Burmese, so they have to dig holes in the sand for themselves. The Indian 'beesty' or water-carrier, who is filling his mussels, as seen in the foreground, is getting water for the 'low caste' followers and transport ponies. The water from the nullah is very good, as it undergoes a process of filtration in the sand. It is a pretty sight to see the Burmese in the mornings trooping down to the nullah, each boy and woman—for the men never do menial work—carrying a pitcher, and each and all smoking the enormous and everlasting cheroot. The holes are only big enough for one, so everyone has to wait and take his turn to replenish his 'chatty' with a kind of spoon made out of a half-coconut run on a piece of bamboo."

THE MARINE PARK AT SOUTHPORT.

On former occasions, not long ago, we described the agreeable and attractive watering-place of Southport, on the Lancashire coast, and some of the recent great artificial improvements by which that enterprising town has become one of the most distinguished marine resorts of visitors in the North of England. A hundred years ago it was a mere desolate tract of sandhills, called North Meols, at the entrance to the great inlet of the Ribble estuary, without a single dwelling-house. It is now a commodious and elegant new town of 40,000 inhabitants, with a municipal corporation, granted in 1867, and the head-quarters of one of the county electoral divisions. The local affairs have been managed with great spirit and judgment, from 1846 by a Board of Commissioners, and subsequently by the Mayor and Town Council. The Townhall, the Pier, the Promenade with its extensions, Hesketh Park, the Winter Gardens, the Aquarium, the Cambridge Hall, the Atkinson Free Library, Art Gallery, Museum and Schools of Art, the Hospital, the Sea-bathing Infirmary, the Victoria Baths, the Market Hall, the systematic works of drainage, gas, and water-supply, and the recent acquisition of the whole foreshore for public purposes, make a list of institutions and improvements which scarcely any town of the size can equal; yet the local rates have never exceeded three shillings in the pound. The air of Southport, though it has the softness of the atmosphere on the shores of the Irish Sea, is most salubrious, and in winter is especially beneficial to invalids. Within easy distance of Liverpool and Manchester, and of all the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, with ample railway accommodation, this place yearly draws increasing numbers of visitors and temporary residents. But one objection has ever been made to it—the extent of the sands beyond the Marine Promenade, the distance thereby of the sea from the town; and this defect will have been remedied, in some degree, by the construction of the Marine Park, which was formally opened by the Mayor of Southport on Wednesday last.

The idea of constructing a marine park on the sands of Southport has long been entertained; the park is now an accomplished fact, and will be a great addition to the attractions of the town. The park, formed at the foot of the beach, is 7½ acres in extent, while beyond it is the lake, 450 yards in length, with an area of 16 acres and a depth of from 3 ft. to 3 ft. 9 in. The park is very artistically laid out, with lawns, walks, shrubberies, and flower-beds. Summer huts are dotted here and there, and near the centre is a band-stand, from which a band discourses music two or three evenings during the week. The lake beyond is easy of access, and is furnished with small boats. The crowds of people frequenting the park daily show how much it is appreciated; and the popularity of the lake is shown by the fact that, although it has only been open to the public four or five weeks, about 50,000 persons have used the small boats which are to be hired. Besides the Marine Park, a new recreation-ground, inclosed by the Southport and Cheshire Lines Extension Railway, has been opened this season. In the opinion of Mr. Ellis, the town clerk, the revenue from the lake will make it self-supporting. That the new park will be of immense advantage to Southport is evident. It is another remarkable illustration of the go-ahead spirit of those to whom the government of the town is intrusted. At present the Marine Park is confined to one side of the pier; it is very likely that next year will see the inauguration of a still bigger scheme for improving the other side of the pier. Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Frith and Co., of Reigate.

Not far from the northern extremity of Lord-street is the beautiful Hesketh Park, justly prized by Southport people, and greatly admired by visitors. A little over twenty years ago the site of the park, which is thirty acres in extent, formed part of the sand-hills which abound in the locality. The park was the gift of the Rev. C. Hesketh, Rector of North Meols, and was opened in 1868.

Earl Granville and Earl and Countess Sydney were present at North Deal last Saturday at the launch of a new life-boat, named by Countess Sydney the Mary Somerville, after the lady who had bequeathed the money to provide the boat.

The Irish authorities assembled a large force of police and hussars in Ennis, to prevent the holding on Sunday of the meeting at Ballycoree, which had been proclaimed. Several Irish members of Parliament and Mr. P. Stanhope, M.P., arrived at Ennis last Saturday night, and addressed a crowd in the street from an hotel window. On Sunday the military surrounded the empty platform at Ballycoree. Meanwhile, the Nationalists marched by another road to a field near the Roman Catholic College, and there held a meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Dillon. As the latter gentleman was concluding his speech, the hussars came up. Colonel Turner ordered the meeting to disperse, and Mr. O'Brien was speaking when a second order was given, and the County Inspectors dispersed the crowd. On the return to town the Lord Mayor of Dublin made a speech, near the O'Connell monument, until he was ordered to move on by the police. There was a little stone-throwing, but heavy rain was the principal agent in clearing the streets.



SKETCHES IN BURMAH, BY LIEUTENANT E. R. PENROSE, 23RD BOMBAY LIGHT INFANTRY: THE VILLAGE WELL AT POUK.

A Corner of the Park.



THE MARINE PARK AT SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE.



"GIVE ME SOME."



ON GUARD.

THE COURT.

By invitation of the Queen the Braemar Royal Highland Society held their annual gathering at Balmoral on the 1st inst. The spectators numbered about 8000. The scene of the meeting was a field on the south bank of the Dee, near one of the entrances to the castle. The day was, for the most part, warm and bright, though a few showers of rain fell in the forenoon. When the Royal party arrived the rain had ceased, and the sun shone brightly. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The sports included the usual Highland games—putting the stone, tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, dancing, and racing. The Queen was particularly interested in the dancing, and several times showed her pleasure by applauding the dancers. In the evening the Queen entertained the clansmen to dinner, after which a ball took place in the iron ballroom at the castle. Yesterday week the Queen honoured the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell with a visit at the Maes. Her Majesty in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, visited the ex-Empress Eugénie at Abergeldie Castle. Prince Albert Victor of Wales took leave of her Majesty, and left the castle. Her Majesty the ex-Empress visited the Queen. Last Saturday Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived at the castle from Aix-les-Bains. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. William Tulloch, of Maxwell church, Glasgow, in the presence of the Queen and the Royal family, and the Royal household. Earl Cadogan, the Rev. A. Campbell, and the Rev. W. Tulloch had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen received the news of the Duke of Connaught's safe arrival at Bombay, all well. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse the Queen went out on Monday morning, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice. The ex-Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Madame D'Arcos and the Duc De Bassano, in attendance on the Empress, and Earl Cadogan had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner-party.—The Queen has granted permission that the presents given to her on the occasion of her Jubilee shall be publicly exhibited in the State apartments, St. James's Palace, for three months.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret of Prussia left England on Saturday for the Continent upon the termination of their visit to the Queen and Royal family.

The Prince of Wales reached Kiel on Monday from Homburg, and was met by Prince Albert Victor, who came the previous evening on board the Royal yacht Osborne. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at noon on Tuesday at Helsingør, where they were received by all the members of the Royal family, the Czar and Czarina, and the principal civil and military authorities. A great concourse of spectators was assembled on the landing-stage. The iron-clad war vessels lying in the roads fired a salute in honour of the Royal visitors, and a guard of honour was drawn up on the quay. Their Royal Highnesses and the other Imperial and Royal personages drove to Fredensborg immediately after their arrival.

Her Majesty's ironclad Alexandra, the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales on board, arrived at Venice on Tuesday, together with her Majesty's ironclads Colossus, Dreadnought, Agamemnon, and Thunderer, as well as the torpedo-cruiser Scout, and the despatch-vessel Surprise. The customary salutes and visits were exchanged, and a serenade and illumination took place on Wednesday in honour of the fleet.

Prince Christian, accompanied by his daughters, Princesses Victoria and Louisa of Schleswig-Holstein, left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, on the 1st inst., for Germany, and joined Princess Christian at Darmstadt.

The Duchess of Albany arrived at Arolsen Castle on Monday on a visit to her parents, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

CO-OPERATIVE YACHTING.

(To the Editor.)

With the first approach of summer and its long-looked-for period of rest and relaxation from the duties and worries of our daily life, comes the momentous question, "Where shall we spend our hard-earned holiday?" Guide-books are examined from end to end. "Bradshaw" consulted, puzzled over, and rejected. We have seen them all before, seaside and country, and we long for something new; and this something I am pleased to put before your readers in a tangible form—something that is a complete rest and change, the most perfect restoration for a jaded and overworked professional man, and a pleasure which has hitherto been enjoyed by only the wealthy and great ones of the land, which can also be shared by the ladies of the family, without any of the worries and annoyances of ordinary travelling. I refer to the new departure which has taken place in yachting matters, and the fitting out of large ocean steamers for yachting purposes only—co-operative yachting, I venture to think, it may be termed. Having just returned from a most enjoyable cruise of sixteen days round the United Kingdom on board the new steam-yacht Victoria, 1804 tons register, 1500-horse power, Captain R. L. Lunham, F.R.G.S. (late Commander of steam-yacht Ceylon), some short description of our trip may be interesting and useful to many readers who have never tried this healthful and invigorating way of spending the short summer holiday. In this brief period of sixteen days we visited Queenstown, Glengariff, in Bantry Bay (many of our party spending a couple of days at the Lakes of Killarney), thence to Kingstown, Belfast, the Kyles of Bute and Firth of Clyde, Oban, the western Highlands, Kirkwall, and Edinburgh, and back to Gravesend, without any further trouble than is involved in packing a hand-bag for a short excursion on shore, and even this on very rare occasions, for we generally preferred returning in the steam-launch to our ship for dinner, and spending the night in our own luxurious quarters on board. The steam-yacht Victoria has already made three most successful cruises this summer since she was purchased and fitted out by her present owners—viz., to the Naval Review at Spithead, where she secured an excellent position; to the Norwegian Fjords; and lastly the voyage round our own coast, from which she is just returned, and during which, either by good luck or good management, probably the latter, she managed to cheat the recent bad weather. The Victoria is of large size and handsome proportions, possesses great speed (14½ knots per hour), and her internal fittings are of the most luxurious description. The ship is lit throughout by electricity, and provided with electric bells. She has a steam-launch which seemed ever at the passengers' service, and the cuisine left nothing to be desired.

A RECENT PASSENGER.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie is to be knighted in recognition of his skill in treating the ailment of the German Crown Prince.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The opening meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held this year at Manchester, took place on Wednesday week. In the evening the Free Trade Hall, one of the largest of public assembly rooms, was crowded to hear the address of Sir H. Roscoe, M.P., president for 1887. The Bishop and Mayor of Manchester and a large number of distinguished foreigners and representatives of learned societies from all parts of the United Kingdom were upon the platform. In the absence of the outgoing president, Sir William Dawson, who at the last moment telegraphed his regret at inability to attend, Professor Williamson, of Owens College, introduced the president to the chair of honour, rehearsing to sympathetic and approving hearers what his former colleague has done for science and the cause of learning in Manchester, and remarking that he never at any meeting of the association remembered so many eminent men coming from foreign countries to do honour to its president. Sir Henry Roscoe was loudly cheered on taking his seat. In the city of Dalton and Joule the discoveries of those eminent men formed the starting-point of his address, from which the hon. and learned gentleman proceeded to show what had resulted from the development of the science of chemistry during the past fifty years. He especially dwelt upon the advanced knowledge of the properties of atoms having enabled chemists to make artificial preparations, of which the most notable were a saccharine 250 times sweeter than sugar, and some febrifuges, which have been derived from coal-tar. After the president had resumed his seat, the Mayor of Manchester welcomed all visitors to the city, and moved a vote of thanks to Sir H. Roscoe, who, he said, was not only known but endeared to the people of Manchester. The motion was seconded by Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard University, to whom a specially cordial greeting was extended. The Professor made a most happy reference to Washington Irving's description of Roscoe of Liverpool, Sir Henry's grandfather.

The sections began work on Thursday with an introductory address from each president of a section. Sir C. Warren, in the Geographical Department, deplored the inefficient teaching of geography in our schools, and observed that a fuller knowledge of Egypt and the Suez Canal would have modified our occupation of that country. Mr. Giffen, in the Economic Science Section, dwelt upon the reduction in the growth of our material prosperity in recent years. Professor Leone Levi and others discussed the influence of Protection in the United States and in Australia. Professor Sayce's observations were devoted to the evidence which the study of language contributes to the history of the development of mankind.—Among the subjects discussed yesterday week were the feasibility of the scheme for regulating the flow of the Nile, the methods of ascertaining and measuring variations in the value of the monetary standard, preventable losses in agriculture, and the deleterious effects of life in large towns on the human system. In the evening a lecture on explosives was given in the Free-Trade Hall, by Professor Harold Dixon. After listening to papers on a multiplicity of subjects last Saturday morning, the members of the British Association went on excursions in the afternoon, the enjoyment of which was somewhat marred by rain, which came on about two o'clock. In the evening a lecture to working men was given in the Free-Trade Hall, by Professor George Forbes, F.R.S., on "Electric Lighting." The lecture was well attended, many of the members and associates of the association being present, as well as a large number of mechanics and others.

On Sunday a large number of the members attended church. Special sermons were preached in the cathedral by the Bishops of Carlisle, Bedford, and Manchester. In the morning the Bishop of Carlisle spoke in a hopeful vein of the future condition of things as improved by the advance of knowledge. There were special preachers also at the principal churches.

Twelve sections and sub-sections sat on Monday. The Economic Section is the most popular, the subject of technical and commercial education being under discussion. Sir Philip Magnus read a paper on schools of commerce. He said it was not because we could not manufacture as well as our competitors, but because of the want of the knowledge of places where our goods might find a market that caused us to lose trade. He advocated the establishment of good higher elementary or middle schools with a technical and commercial side, the reorganisation of secondary education with the view of providing good modern schools, the provision of facilities for advanced commercial instruction at our University colleges, and the provision of adequate evening teaching adapted to the requirements of clerks and other commercial men. The geographers discussed the method in vogue of teaching geography at universities. In the evening Professor Libbey, of New Jersey, a member of the United States Alaska Exploring Expedition, gave a lecture in the Memorial Hall on "The Natural Scenery of South-Eastern Alaska"; and at the Free Trade Hall Sir Francis De Winton lectured on "Exploration in Central Africa," giving a short history of the programme of the opening up of the country.

Tuesday was the last day for section meetings, and discussions of considerable interest were taken in several of the sections. So great, however, was the work before some that they arranged to continue their sitting on Wednesday morning. Among the subjects debated on Tuesday to which especial scientific interest is attached is that of "The Present Aspect of the Cell Question," in the Biological Section, and "The Migrations of Pre-glacial Man," in the Anthropological Section. On the latter subject some new views were put forward by Dr. Hicks, which did not meet with general acceptance from the geologists present. The Economic Science and Geological Sections met together to hear an elaborate paper, prepared by Mr. Topley, on "The Future Production of the Precious Metals," and a discussion ensued. The subject of "bi-metalism" was introduced in a paper by Mr. Atkinson, but the discussion was postponed till next day. Considerable curiosity was manifested in the new sweet-stuff, called saccharine, which has been produced by Dr. Fahlberg, of Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore, from coal-tar. A hint of the importance which this substitute for sugar might assume in the commercial world was given by Sir Henry Roscoe in his presidential address. When Dr. Fahlberg read his paper on Tuesday he handed round samples of his saccharine. In appearance it rivals finest white sugar (powdered), and it need scarcely be explained that it retains no traces of the coal-tar from which it was extracted. It was handled and tasted, and its flavour and appearance were alike praised. The new saccharine is said to be 250 times sweeter than sugar, and Dr. Fahlberg claims to have developed the product so that it can be manufactured in quantities. In the evening the Mayor of Manchester gave a conversazione to the members of the association at the Townhall, at which Sir H. Roscoe and a number of distinguished scientific men were present.

The concluding meeting of the association took place on Wednesday afternoon; and Thursday was devoted to excursions, when the Manchester meeting of the association came to an end.

Sir Frederick Bramwell has been chosen president of next year's meeting at Bath, which will begin on Sept. 5. The meeting in 1889 will be at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with one codicil, of Mr. John Pearson, J.P., of Golborne Park, Newton-le-Willows, who died on June 2 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by the four executors and trustees, Mr. Jacob Higson, Mr. Frank John Leslie, and two of testator's sons—Mr. Thomas Henry Pearson and Mr. George Frederick Pearson. The personal estate was sworn at £188,866. The will is dated Oct. 18, 1886, and the codicil May 24, 1887. The testator bequeaths to his widow, absolutely, such carriages, horses, plate, and furniture as she may select. After various small bequests to relatives, and 100 guineas to each of his executors, he bequeaths £4000 towards the erection and endowment of a new church now being built at Lower Ince, being the balance unpaid, at the date of his will, of the sum promised by him, in conjunction with his partner, the late Mr. Knowles, M.P., for that purpose. His property in New Zealand he gives to his two sons resident there, to be divided between them. Special provision is made for the carrying on of the businesses in which he was interested at his death, including his Welsh slate-quarries. All the residue of his estate, real and personal, is devised and bequeathed to his said trustees, in trust, to invest £20,000 for the benefit of his widow, and £14,000 for each of his daughters. The residue of his estate and effects is to be divided equally among his sons; the various properties given to them by the testator in his lifetime are to be treated as gifts, and are not to be taken into account in any way in connection with the division under the will.

The will (dated March 5, 1887) of Mr. Charles William Coote, late of The Albany, Piccadilly, who died on July 27 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Miss Annie Katherine King, the niece, and Major Charles Robert Leslie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator bequeaths sums amounting altogether to £28,000 to or upon trust for nieces, and legacies to his sister-in-law, executors, and servant. He also bequeaths £500 to the National Life-boat Institution; and £250 each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Boys and Girls in the East-End of London, all free of duty. The residue of his personal estate, of which his property alone consists, he gives to his said niece, Miss Annie Katherine King.

The will (dated April 24, 1885) of Mr. George Edmett, late of Maidstone, Kent, who died on July 3 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by William Edmett, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator makes some special bequests of houses, shares, and moneys to or upon trust for each of his three children, William, Mrs. Emily Mary Fry, and Thomas; and there are legacies to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Stanger; his cousin, Thomas Rowles; his niece, Ellen Martha Sheffield; his sons-in-law, Mr. Haydon and Mr. Fry; and his grandsons, Arthur George Haydon and George Edmett Haydon. The residue of his property he leaves, in equal shares, to his said three children.

The will (dated May 20, 1887) of Mr. William Deedes, M.P. for East Kent from 1876 to 1880, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, late of Sandling Park and Saltwood Castle, Kent, who died on May 27 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Mary Sophia Deedes, the widow, and Colonel Herbert George Deedes, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator leaves to his wife all the plate, jewels, and other personal property and effects which came to him from her; he also leaves to her, for life or widowhood, the use of Saltwood Castle, and the gardens and pleasure grounds (subject to a power of sale given to his executors), with everything inside the castle. Subject thereto, he devises the whole of his real estate, including his tithe-rent charges in Wales, to his said brother, and bequeaths to him the residue of his personal estate.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1868), with a codicil (dated June 4, 1875), of Sir Stephen Walcott, K.C.M.G., late of No. 7, Grange Park, Ealing, who died on July 25 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Major John Claxton Addison, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his grandson, Arthur Walcott Crockett; £500 each to his brother, Dr. Robert Bowie Walcott, his sister, Mary Elizabeth Walcott, and his grand-daughter, Estelle Walcott Addison. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his lands in Canada, he leaves in equal parts to his two daughters, Jessie and Fanny Constance.

The will (dated March 15, 1887) of Mr. Henry Sherbrooke, J.P., D.L. (half brother to Viscount Sherbrooke), late of Oxton Hall, Notts, who died on June 12 last, at Llandudno, was proved on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Henry Nevile Sherbrooke, the son, Charles Hill, and William Lambe Huskinson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testator charges on his real estate the three sums of £5000 he covenanted to pay by the respective marriage settlements of his daughters, Mrs. Musters and Mrs. Jarvis, and of his son Henry Nevile. He devises his manor or lordship of Oxton, and all his farms, lands, woods, tenements, and hereditaments in the parishes of Oxton, Epperstone, Blidworth, Farnsfield, and Calverton, or elsewhere in the county of Nottingham, and all other his real estate, to the use of his wife, Mrs. Louisa Anne Fleming Sherbrooke, for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow, with remainder to the use of his son William for life, with remainder to his said son's son, Henry Graham, for life, with remainder to his said grandson's first and every other son successively, according to seniority in tail male. His copyhold and leasehold property he settles in a similar manner. All his plate, pictures, books, furniture, wines, household goods, horses, carriages, and live and dead farming stock he leaves to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to go as heirlooms with his settled estate. He bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Beresford Sherbrooke, and legacies to his executors. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 2, 1887) of Mr. William Gomm, late of Caerleon, Brentford, Middlesex, brewer, who died on June 10 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by William Ruston and George Williams, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator leaves the use of his said residence, with his furniture and effects, and £200 per annum, to his wife, for life or widowhood; and legacies to his executors. The remainder of his property is to be applied for the support and maintenance of his children until the youngest attains twenty-one; and afterwards the residue is to be divided between all his children. The executors are empowered to carry on testator's business.

In reply to the question whether the celebrated hymn "Lead, kindly light," consisted originally and authentically of three or four verses, Cardinal Newman writes from the Oratory, Birmingham, to the editor of the *Cambrian* newspaper, Swansea, as follows:—"I feel the compliment paid me in the insertion of a translation (into Welsh) of my verses, 'Lead, kindly light.' In answer to your question I can but say that it consists of three, not four, stanzas; and the fourth (published in 'Hymnal Companion') is, to use your words, not authentic, but an unwarranted addendum by another pen."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is a positive mania just now for writing plays with disagreeable stories. Dramatists have got it into their heads that it is pessimism alone that pays, and most incorrectly assume that the public at large will accept isolated instances of depraved and mean natures as types of ordinary humanity. Human nature may occasionally be very bad, but it is not quite so contemptible as it is represented to be by our stage satirists, who, when they aim at being natural, generally succeed in being simply nasty. The scene-painter and stage-manager do all they possibly can to delight our eyes with pretty pictures and romantic scenery; they show us much that is beautiful in nature and fantastic in society, grand in effect and dramatic in calamity; they take us to country vicarages and rustic lanes; they show us the sunny shores of the Riviera, with the blue sea and the marvellous foliage; they take us to flower battles and gay balls and processions and multitudinous merriments; they simulate, as well as modern art can, the terrors by which we are surrounded on sea and land, the fires, the wrecks, the accidents, and the earthquakes that warn the world from day to day;—but meanwhile, the dramatist, who should be hopeful, happy, and pleasant, who should preach his sermon and deliver his homily as cheerfully as he can, sits scowling in a corner, telling us our men are all drunken and our women are all depraved, that chivalry has been exchanged for cowardice, and modesty for meanness, or, when weary of that, tears about, like another mad Solomon Eagle, with a Brazier on his head, to excite us to a better frame of mind by the most violent means and aggressive expedients.

Drury-Lane is the last theatre in all London where we should have expected to find the gloomy and unsavoury taint of the naturalistic school. The banquets spread by Mr. Augustus Harris may have been rich, but they have invariably been wholesome. It has hitherto been as safe to take a child of an inquiring nature to a Drury-Lane drama as to a Drury-Lane pantomime. There has been nothing there that their innocent natures could not understand. Whether the relations between the hero and heroine of the new drama called "Pleasure" could be satisfactorily or safely explained to the young and innocent is a question that must be decided by the authors and the accustomed patrons of the theatre.

The life-drama of a tipsy young Oxford undergraduate, quite apart from his boasted and brutal want of chivalry, is certainly no edifying subject. If it were true that the typical undergraduate is mean in his morals, bestial in his habits, and caddish in his connections—which it certainly is not—there would be little use in harping upon it, and moralising on it, in a play presented to a mixed audience. Witnessing a play is not at all like reading a book. The novelist can draw his moral as he goes on. He can draw the reader aside and philosophise when it becomes necessary to do so. But the dramatist has no such opportunity, and the danger is that his frankness is often more dangerous than his reticence. Who shall say that after witnessing this play it may not, at least, be dimly and dangerously suggested that the brutal crushing of the flower of innocence under man's iron heel is, after all, rewarded with the marriage bells; that a career of drunkenness and self-indulgence ends in the esteem of all men; that the pursuit of gambling is rewarded by smart dresses, extravagant living, and battles of flowers; that women have only to be fast and unfeminine in order to win the admiration of men; that it is excusable in man to betray the secrets of the most trusting women, won under the seal of confidence; that the pursuit of evil ends is the sublimation of good; and that, after all, the Epicurean philosophy is best, to "live while you live" and "give to Pleasure every passing day"?

We are not concerned in telling the story of the new drama, for it would be difficult to do so without giving unnecessary offence, and going into details that are best passed by in silence. But in connection with the pictures of Oxford life which are so wholly misleading, it may be useful to give a few hints to those who so justly pride themselves elsewhere on the accuracy of detail. If it be thought well to be scrupulously correct at Nice, why not at Oxford? Why should our venerable University be misrepresented and no fault be found with modern Monte Carlo? First, then, as to dress. The tassels on all the University mortar-boards should be cut short, particularly those of the undergraduates. The first thing an undergraduate does is to cut his tassel. He does not like to be taken for a student at a preparatory school. Prince Valvasia is represented as an undergraduate. He wears a master of arts' gown. Correctly he should be represented as a nobleman at Christchurch, with a special gown and a gold tassel. He is a tuft. At an Oxford "wine," where, by-the-way, it is the rarest possible thing for men to get drunk, seeing that a "wine" is only dessert after dinner in hall, a mere preparation for other festivities, the invited guests might wear "blazers," though, of course, they could not have appeared in hall in any such costume. But Oxford blazers are not those hung up for sale in cheap shops in the Tottenham-court-road; they are distinctive in colour and binding. Each "blazer" is the reproduction of the college colours, with the arms of the college embroidered on the breast. The Oxford "wine" should have been described as an Oxford boating-supper, and then the songs would have been excusable, but not the hopeless vulgarity of the whole picture. But the most impossible thing in these scenes of Oxford life is the appearance of the heroine in an undergraduate's room at night. Unless disguised, Jessie Newland could not possibly have passed the porter's lodge. She could not have approached the first "quad." The "scout's" career would have been over at Oxford for ever who had dared introduce Jessie to his young master's rooms.

It is a far more pleasant task to turn to what is really beautiful and interesting in the new drama. The tipsy undergraduate, his vile companions, and their uniformly dissolute career, are dark shadows; but they are relieved occasionally by a background of beauty. We must, after all, thank Mr. Augustus Harris for this. He may have made a mistake about his hero and heroine, his views of human nature may not be ours. He may regard the world through other spectacles, but, after all, he has taken us to Monte Carlo; he has shown us the blue Mediterranean; he has relieved the monotony and drudgery of our London lives by transporting us, bodies, imaginations and all, to all the fantastic revels of the Riviera. He has produced for us a picture of the battle of flowers at Nice unequalled for beauty as compared to any stage scene of the last quarter of a century. If it be not the real thing, it is very like it. Remember, there is nothing ideal or imaginative about this pretty frivolity. It is of the world, worldly. It does not appeal to our senses as the cathedral scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Lyceum. But for a frivolous, worldly scene it is as good as can be. We are transported to Nice; we live in its luxury and loveliness. We are there: we seem to want no more. As to the sensation earthquake, it is impossible to be so certain of its truth. All we know is that it is a magnificent stage effect. Down it comes in its ruin and riot, and the end of it all is—collapse. A brute is drinking brandy and calling upon Heaven to attest his innocence in the matter of a grave injury to women, when down comes the house about his ears and his blasphemy is choked in his throat. If this

man had been the villain of the play, here would have been a fine and wholesome moral. But, unhappily, he is the *hero*; and he has to recover from his earthquake shock and his premature burial in order to marry the heroine, and grieve over his complicity in a career of vice. The whole thing may be easily summed up—it is a disagreeable story beautifully illustrated. Such plays give very little scope for artistic acting. The misery of the narrative is relieved by some clever comedy, thoroughly understood, by Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Fanny Brough. Their sense of humour is genuine, and they, by their personal popularity, saved some of the most dangerous scenes in the play. Miss Alma Murray worked loyally with the distressing heroine, and it is difficult to see what more could have been done with the hero than Mr. Gardiner did. Such plays are not to be acted. They can do no good whatever to the artist. The scene-painter and the sensation-monger get all the credit. They are ephemeral. They are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

After the first act, that contains some amusing scenes and good comedy, the audience at the Gaiety did not see much "Fun on the Bristol." Mr. John F. Sheridan is as amusing as ever, and one does not easily tire of him, but some of his companions have more vivacity than wit. The imitation of negro singing, by Miss May Livingstone, could scarcely be more direct; still, a West-End audience, if it is to have variety, demands that it shall be of the very best. The music-hall entertainment in the second act proved so very tedious that it succeeded in emptying the house, and causing many an ominous yawn.

Miss Violet Melnotte has discovered a very clever and amusing play in "The Barrister," by George Manville Fenn and J. H. Darnley. It is a pity, perhaps, that it was not produced in the first instance at one or other of the theatres identified with this class of entertainment—farical comedy—for the public is capricious; but still, there is so much sound merit in the piece that it will, happily, draw good houses when the programme is strengthened a little. For neatness of construction and brightness of dialogue, "The Barrister" will hold its own against the funniest of plays by Byron or Burnand; and the play has this conspicuous merit: that it is wholly inoffensive in idea and detail. Although the company does not contain any very celebrated or popular performer, the acting is level and harmonious. Mr. J. H. Darnley, one of the authors, assumes a "Charles Wyndham part" with considerable energy; and, though all are good, the best acting is shown by Miss Susie Vaughan and Mr. F. Mervin, whose stage management did much for the success of the play. The authors are very much to be congratulated, for London wanted something good to laugh at: we have had horrors enough. *Dulce est despere in loco.*

It was found that a few more rehearsals were required before the Novelty Theatre could be opened under Miss Harriett Jay's management with Robert Buchanan's "Blue Bells of Scotland"; so we shall not see the new play with our old friend Henry Neville in a kilt before Monday next. Unfortunately, this will now clash with the revival of "Dandy Dick" by Mr. John Clayton at Toole's Theatre, which is to be preceded by a new comedietta, and will bring back Mrs. John Wood to London to make us merry.

Saturday will be a serious occasion. Shakspeare will once more reign at the Lyceum, for Miss Mary Anderson is to show her view of Hermione and Perdita in the "Winter's Tale." It is to be a superb production, and worthy of the traditions of the theatre.

And then when Mr. Beerbohm Tree has shown us the new and improved Haymarket Theatre, and produced "The Ballad-monger," as well as relighted the "Red Lamp," the London theatres will be in full swing for the winter season.

THE NORTH SEA TRAWLING FLEET.

Trawl-fishing, the pursuit in which unhappy disputes have arisen of late years between English and foreign gleaners of the "Harvest of the Sea," derives its name from the implement they use. The trawl is a bag-net, 100 ft. long, with its open mouth forming a semicircle, dragged over the bottom of the sea, its upper part being fastened to a wooden beam 38 ft. long, and towed along by a sailing vessel, usually of about thirty-five tons burden, with a crew of five men and two boys. The most convenient depth for trawling is between twenty and thirty fathoms, with a smooth bottom of mud or sand. Soles, turbot, skate, and other flatfish, haddock and cod, when feeding at the bottom, are chiefly taken by this apparatus. The fishermen assemble in fleets of smacks, often a hundred together, over the shoals and banks of the North Sea. There are now, belonging to the Humber ports alone, Hull and Great Grimsby, more than eight hundred trawling-vessels, some of which are steamers of 90 tons, with elaborate machinery for working the nets; Yarmouth owns probably an equal or greater number. It is estimated that an aggregate British capital of £15,000,000 is invested in this business, which employs nearly 18,000 persons, besides those on shore occupied in curing, packing, loading and carrying fish, or in boat-building and the manufacture of nets, ropes, and rigging. The seafaring inhabitants of the opposite coasts, Dutch, Belgian, and French, claim their share in the produce of the ocean; and it may readily be imagined that trawlers, which require a great deal of space, moving slowly about and drawing behind each vessel a considerable length of rope, sometimes interfere with each other's operations in a limited area, or disturb the fish so as to leave no chance for those who come after them. A combined fleet, of course, acts under the direction of its appointed commander, dividing the ground so as to allow each boat its fair course and measure of space; but, when foreigners arrive at the same time, in the absence of direct supervision by international authority, there is frequently some contention; and the malicious destruction of nets, by the use of a sort of cutting grapnel called a "devil," has been justly complained of. The British Government has been in correspondence with that of Belgium on this subject, and gun-boats have been sent to cruise around the fishing-grounds, to prevent acts of violence. In the meantime, the result of the recent inquiry made by the Board of Trade relative to fishermen's conflicts is not entirely accepted by our Continental neighbours. It is suggested that "drifters" should be held responsible for accidents caused to the nets of trawlers only when actual negligence or malevolence can be proved; and that an international inquiry should be conducted by a Commission in which all the States that are parties to the Convention of the Hague should be represented. It is considered that the differences at the bottom of the conflicts are not so much disputes between Englishmen and Belgians as between trawlers and drifters.

The Mayor of Liverpool (Sir James Poole) began on Monday the distribution of Jubilee medals to the 90,000 children in the elementary schools of the city.

The autumn meetings of the Iron and Steel Institute are announced to take place this year at Manchester during the four days beginning on the 14th inst. The Institute has only on one previous occasion met in Manchester—namely, in 1874.

MUSIC.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The 164th meeting of the cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester took place, at the last-named city, during this week. The primary purpose of these "three-choir" festivals has long been that of affording aid to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy (of whom there are many) in the three dioceses. These results are obtained exclusively from collections and donations made at the cathedral, and subsequent contributions—the receipts from sale of tickets being untouched, save for the purpose of meeting the expenses of the festival performances. Some experiences of rather heavy losses falling on the honorary stewards, who are responsible, led to the gradual augmentation of their number, the prospectus of this week's festival giving the names of upwards of 230 gentlemen so acting.

The "three-choir" festivals have been from time to time threatened by strong adverse influences, desirous of reducing them from their customary importance to their primitive conditions of church services and anthems, merely with organ accompaniment. These efforts succeeded but once, however—in 1875—at Worcester, the example not having been followed either there or at the other associated cathedral cities, each succeeding celebration having taken place as before, including the performance of oratorio and other sacred music, and miscellaneous concerts, with the co-operation of a full orchestra and eminent solo singers. The opposing influences of the past seem now to have subsided, and there is scarcely any fear for the future of the "three-choir" festivals.

This week's celebration began on Tuesday morning with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the oratorio that is generally chosen for the opening performance. A grand service, with the co-operation of the three choirs was held in the cathedral on the previous Sunday morning, the musical portion having also included the co-operation of the full orchestra. By these combined forces, impressive performances were given of the National Anthem, the march from Mendelssohn's "Athalia" music, Handel's Dettingen "Te Deum," and his coronation anthem, "Zadok the Priest." A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Dr. John Gott, Dean of Worcester. Tuesday's performance of "Elijah" was not of uniform excellence. The principal soprano music was divided between Madame Albani and Miss Anna Williams, the tenor music having been assigned to Mr. E. Lloyd; all of whom sang in a style worthy of their high reputation. The other principal soloists were Misses E. Rees and H. Glenn, and Mr. W. Mills. Mr. Done (organist of Worcester Cathedral) conducted. At the first of the evening concerts in the Public Hall, the chief feature was Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," which was very finely rendered, the solos by Misses Anna Williams and H. Glenn, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. W. Mills; the choruses by a detachment of the Leeds choristers. Mr. C. L. Williams (of Gloucester) conducted ably. A miscellaneous selection followed the cantata.

The most important feature of the festival was the production of Mr. Cowen's "Ruth," composed specially for the occasion. As this took place on Thursday, too late for present notice, it must be spoken of, together with other performances, next week.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden and Her Majesty's theatres are still supplying the void left by the close of the regular London musical season.

At the first-named establishment a third "classical" night has been given, the first part of the programme having been, of itself, a concert of ample length and great intrinsic interest. Fine orchestral performances were given of Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony; an expressive "Andante Religioso," for stringed instruments, harp and organ, by Herr Scharwenka, having been heard for the first time—the solo instruments sustained, respectively, by Mr. Cheshire and Mr. F. Lewis Thomas. This piece, as a novelty, can scarcely be pronounced "classical." Madame Pappenheim sang the great soprano scena from "Oberon" with good dramatic feeling, but some want of declamatory power; Miss Gomes gave Glück's aria "Vieni, che poi sereno," with much expression; and Mr. F. King sang Wolfram's Romance, from "Tannhäuser," with good effect. A special feature of the evening was Mr. Carrodus's masterly performance of the "chaconne" from Bach's sonata in D minor, for violin unaccompanied. The enormous difficulties of this elaborate piece were admirably rendered by our eminent violinist. A careful, although not brilliant, performance by Miss J. Ruf, of two movements of Ferdinand Hiller's dry pianoforte concerto in F-sharp minor completed the classical portion of the concert, the remainder of which was of a more popular character. Mr. A. Gwyllim Crowe conducted with his usual attentive care.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the first of the classical nights was given yesterday (Friday) week. Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," the larghetto from Spohr's symphony in C minor, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and Mozart's symphony in E flat were the substantial features of the classical programme, which also included Mr. Frye Parker's skilful execution of two movements from a violin concerto of Ferdinand David. Vocal pieces were effectively rendered by Madlle. Nikita, Mr. Iver McKay, and Signor Vetta. Signor Arditì continues his efficient fulfilment of the office of conductor. On Monday an Arditì night was given, the programme having included various pieces of his composition.

A very successful performance of the English version of Auber's "Masaniello" was given by the Carl Rosa opera at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, last week, the principal singing characters having been efficiently sustained by Miss Fanny Moody (Elvira), Signor Runcio (Masaniello), Mr. M. Eugene (Borella), and Mr. C. Manners (Pietro)—the part of the dumb girl, Fenella, having been expressively and gracefully acted by Miss M. Mayall; Mr. Goossens conducted ably. Mr. F. Corder's "Nordista" has also been given successfully by the same company in Dublin.

The Huddersfield Choral Society (conducted by Mr. John North) will begin a series of concerts, with full orchestra and chorus, on Oct. 7, when a new dramatic cantata, entitled "The Red Cross Knight," will be produced. It is the composition of Mr. E. Prout, who will conduct its performance. At the second concert of the series, on Nov. 2, Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" will be performed, with Madame Albani, Madame Patéy, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills as solo vocalists. The dates of the other concerts are—Dec. 23 and March 20. Besides the vocalists already named other eminent solo singers are engaged.

The ninth annual rifle meeting of all branches of the Army opened on Tuesday at Caesar's Camp, Aldershot, and was very fully attended. Some very good shooting was made.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to M. C. Lefèvre, chief pilot, Dunkirk, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British brigantine "Golden Sheaf," of Faversham, which was wrecked off Dunkirk on Nov. 25, 1885.



ENGLISH CRUISERS WITH THE NORTH SEA TRAWL-FISHING FLEET.



AYOUB KHAN, THE EXILED AFGHAN PRINCE, WHO HAS ESCAPED FROM DETENTION AT TEHERAN.

Ayoub Khan has succeeded in escaping from Teheran, where he has been under the supervision of the Persian authorities. It appears that Taj Muhammed Khan and some other Afghan chiefs made their escape about the 14th ult., but the fact was not discovered by the Persian authorities till the 16th, when steps were taken to pursue and capture them. Notwithstanding many warnings on the part of Mr. Nicolson, the British Chargé d'Affaires, Ayoub Khan had not been very carefully watched. After the escape of the chiefs, suspicion was aroused, but the Persian authorities assured Mr. Nicolson that Ayoub was in his house. On the 21st ult., however, it was discovered that Ayoub had also made his escape, and it is supposed that he left on the 14th with the other chiefs. The prevalent opinion was that he had gone northwards, with the intention of taking a steamer on the Caspian Sea. It appears certain,

however, that he took the road to Afghanistan, and was seen at Shahrood, to the north of the Desert, whence he proceeded in a south-easterly direction.

The main facts of Ayoub's career are comparatively fresh in public memory. He is the son of Shere Ali, the Ameer against whom war was declared by Lord Lytton when Viceroy of India, and consequently brother of Yakoub Khan. When the latter Prince abdicated in 1879, after the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, Ayoub declared himself as the enemy of the English, and of the Ameer who had been set up by English influence, his cousin Abdurrahman. Starting from Herat, he marched against Candahar, and at Maiwand he met and defeated the forces of General Burrows, on July 27, 1880. The British troops withdrew to Candahar, and were there besieged by Ayoub, until, on Sept. 1, he was attacked at Mazra and

completely routed by General Roberts, who had marched from Cabul in twenty-three days. He fled with the scanty relics of his army to Herat, his old seat of government, where he remained a year. At the end of that time, however, Abdurrahman had consolidated his power and Ayoub had become unpopular. He was driven out of Herat, and fled into Persia, where he has remained under surveillance more or less strict. His life in Persia has been that of the regular Oriental pretender. A centre of all the elements of disaffection, he has been in constant communication with the exiles from Afghanistan, and with all the chiefs who, though not exiled, have been discontented with the rule of Abdurrahman. Still more, he has been in communication with the Russian outposts in Turkistan, and it is suspected that the Russian agent at Teheran has looked after his interests.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 6.

The Parisians are rapidly deserting the sea and returning to the capital, bringing with them a stock of racquets; for, this season, it appears, lawn-tennis has been all the rage on the Norman and Atlantic shores, while real material bathing has quite gone out of fashion. Of course, there are still plenty of visitors at places like Spa or Vichy, and very rich people who own châteaux or shooting-boxes are enjoying autumn in the country; but the average Parisian is once more back in Paris: the afternoon promenade in the Bois is gay with numerous equipages, and the boulevards are resuming their usual animated aspect. But one remarks with regret that eyes and ears are still offended by the unsightly profusion of sandwich-men and the howling of newspaper-sellers, whose wares are not always of the most decent nature. The howling of newspapers and broadsheets along the public highway is a right protected by law and respected by the police; it forms part and parcel of the liberty of the press. Only, as things are at present, this liberty is degenerating into license, and the sandwich-men and the newspaper-criers are contributing not a little to make Paris lose its aspect of elegance and *bon ton* which has hitherto charmed foreign visitors. Republican Paris decidedly pays too little attention to its toilet and its manners, and the natural consequence is that it has not the same attraction for strangers which it used to possess.

Sunday, Sept. 4, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic, was marked at Paris by the opening of the second National Congress of School-teachers, under the honorary presidency of the Ministers of Public Instruction and of the Interior. Upwards of 400 delegates have come to Paris to represent nearly 20,000 teachers. These school-teachers are, of course, rank Republicans. One of them managed, in the course of his speech, to celebrate "the patriotism and even the Republicanism of ants." Another won rounds of applause by declaring that the lay schoolmasters ought to paraphrase Cato's "Delenda est Carthago," and never open their classes without saying "Il faut fonder la République." While these anti-clerical "domines" are amusing themselves in Paris, and airing vague rhetoric in pedagogic discussions, an anti-educational movement is developing in the French press apropos of a proposed reduction of £6000 in the annual credits of £126,000 to State scholarships in the public schools. It is needless to enter into the detail of this question; but it is interesting to note how eager many seem to tear down the idols that were erected not so many years ago after the supposed lesson of the war of 1870-1. The Minister himself protests against the craze for the liberal professions which has grown up within the past twenty years, and implies that the overcrowding of the professions of law, medicine, and pedagogy render it desirable to discourage aspirants; and the best way to attain this end is to diminish the endowment of secondary classical education and to increase that of industrial and commercial education. In short, the phenomenon in question amounts to a confession that the old-fashioned liberal education is condemned, that classical culture does not sufficiently arm a man for the modern struggle for life, and that it is preferable to know how to make shoes, like Count Tolstoi, than to enjoy the most refined training that the charmingly named *litteræ humaniores* can afford. France has too many doctors and lawyers, as is shown by the overcrowded condition of the political field; she has not enough manufacturers and commercial men, as is shown by her import statistics and her colonies; as for French agriculture, ever since Parliamentary oratory has existed it has been always in the maimed and armless state described in the proverbial phrase, "L'agriculture manque de bras."

There is little to be said about the essay of mobilisation, except that the newspapers are full of enthusiastic reports from patriotic reporters, who represent both men and horses as participating in the military operations "with enthusiasm." So far, everything appears to have gone on satisfactorily; but the real moral of the essay cannot be expounded until the operations are over, and until professional opinions have been expressed. Meanwhile, it is curious to notice that "spy-fever" is raging furiously in the district of Toulouse. At least a score of French reporters and artists representing the illustrated papers have been arrested on suspicion, and, of course, at once released; but now, in return, many of these journalists have taken to spy-hunting themselves, and the papers are full of reports of the arrest by Monsieur So-and-so, correspondent of such and such a newspaper, of "a man with a foreign accent" who was not immediately released. There are several newspapers in Paris which make a specialty of nurturing the germs of this "spy-fever" in the bosoms of the population, and their attacks are directed not only against German toys, German *choucroute*, and German beer, but even against foreigners in general. Within the past few months there has been quite a noticeable revival of the "revenge idea," which seemed in pre-Boulangerian days to be somnolent. Doubtless the great mass of the population desires peace; but, nevertheless, this childish exultation in the dream of a Franco-Russian understanding, this chuckling over "the martial aspect" of troops on parade, and this small schoolboy worrying and bullying of Germany, are not precisely manifestations worthy of a great and civilised country like France.

Rear-Admiral Cloué, formerly Minister of the Navy, is at the head of an enterprise for constructing a bridge over the Channel. M. Hersaut, the engineer of the port of Antwerp and President of the French Society of Engineers, is prepared to overcome the difficulties of fixing the piles of the bridge, and M. Schneider, of the Creusot works, takes charge of the superstructure. M. De Héredia, Minister of Public Works, is favourable to the project, and, according to Admiral Cloué, its feasibility is indubitable. The great objections to be feared are those of the English, who have three times rejected the idea of a tunnel. But the objections to be made against a tunnel do not hold good against a bridge. The English Navy could look after a bridge. The French plan is to run the bridge over piles placed at intervals of 1500 ft., and lighted by electricity.

Yesterday morning—24th Gutenberg, according to the calendar of the Creed—the Positivists met in the cemetery of Père Lachaise to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Auguste Comte. The attendance, amongst which were about thirty English Positivists, was not large, and the principal orator regretted bitterly the "persistent minority" of the Positivists, and the neglect by humanity "of its greatest and most zealous benefactor."

Some relatives of the late M. Thiers and a number of his personal and political friends were present last Saturday at the unveiling of the imposing monument erected to his memory in the Père Lachaise cemetery.—On the 4th inst., a statue in memory of the musician Victor Massé was unveiled at Lorient, and the occasion was celebrated by fêtes and speeches—notably, a remarkable speech by Jules Simon. Victor Massé was the author of the operas "Paul et Virginie" and "Cléopâtre," and of the operetta "Les Noces de

Jeannette."—On the same day, a statue of Voltaire was unveiled at St. Claude, in the Jura, where the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Spuller, made a speech which was an apology for the hero of the day, and a panegyric of the French Revolution "accomplished in the name of right by a chivalrous nation in love with the idea of justice and of liberty." Voltaire, it will be remembered, pleaded ardently for the abolition of certain monastic servitudes existing formerly in the Department of the Jura, and that is why he has merited a statue at Saint Claude. Yet another statue in prospect is that of the novelist Balzac, for erecting which a public subscription has just been opened by the Mayor of Tour, the native-place of the author of "The Comédie Humaine." At the rate at which "statuomania" has been raging during the past five or six years France will soon have as many statues as it has inhabitants. The sculptors, of course, are delighted; and Ministers approve because the unveiling of each statue gives a chance for making a speech.—The question of cutting a canal between the ocean and the Mediterranean between Bordeaux and Narbonne has again been brought before the Government, and a company duly formed solicits a concession, offering to undertake the enterprise entirely without State subvention. The cost is estimated at 150 million of francs.—During the forthcoming autumn manoeuvres some experiments will be made on the use of dogs for the service of the outposts as watchers and scouts.—T. C.

The King of Italy arrived on the 2nd inst. at Reggio Emilia for the great military manoeuvres between that place and Modena, where over 20,000 were camped. The manoeuvres were brought to a conclusion on Sunday by a brilliant action between the opposing forces, at which the King, the Princes, and the foreign military representatives were present. The King, accompanied by his son, the Prince of Naples, and the Duke of Aosta, made a stay of a few hours at Modena, last Monday. The Royal party were enthusiastically greeted.

The last act of the official festivities in San Sebastian took place on Monday. It was the ceremony of laying the foundation for a statue in honour of the Basque Admiral Oquendo. Queen Christina, with her children and Ministers, was loyally cheered as she presided over this ceremony, in the presence of more than 10,000 spectators, on the esplanade near the sea. The Queen has left for Bilbao. Her tour, so far, has been a complete success.

The elections for the Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament took place yesterday week, and resulted in a decided majority in favour of the proposed revision of the Constitution, which includes a large extension of the franchise.

The King of the Belgians, accompanied by the Count of Flanders and Prince Baudouin, opened the Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, at Brussels, on the 1st inst. His Majesty was received by the Minister of Fine Arts and the Burgomaster of Brussels in official costume.—The Social Congress assembled at Liège on Sunday, the attendance being considerably larger than last year. Among those present were the Archbishop of Rheims, Prince Lowenstein, several German deputies, as well as some French political writers. The Bishop of Liège opened the proceedings with an address, in which he dwelt upon the duties of masters towards their employés, and maintained the necessity for a spirit of fraternity. He also declared it to be the duty of the State to intervene in favour of the working classes, and expressed approval of the Bills affecting the position of workmen proposed by the Government and the Labour Commission.

The Emperor William and the Empress arrived on Wednesday week at Berlin. On the 1st inst. the autumn review of the troops was held by the Emperor, who surprised everybody by his vigour. After the first march past he ordered a second. The review thus lasted more than two hours, but he showed no sign of fatigue. After the banquet following the parade of the Guards at Berlin, the Emperor, in passing through the saloons of the palace, stumbled on an uneven part of the floor and fell, sustaining some bruises. His Majesty, however, appeared next day at his window as usual. The Emperor and Empress left Berlin on Tuesday evening for the Castle of Babelsberg.—An official statement has been published in Berlin to the effect that the Crown Prince has made good progress recently towards recovery.—The Institute of International and Commercial Law opened its eleventh session on Monday morning in the Aula of Heidelberg University, Professor Bulmering being elected president. In the afternoon the Institute was welcomed by the authorities of the University and the town.

The Empress of Austria has made the ascent of the Gomsfeld, near Ischl. Her Majesty, accompanied by a Lady-in-Waiting, passed the night in a common Alpine hut, and witnessed the sunrise.—The Emperor on the 1st inst. arrived at the Château of Laschkau, near Olmütz, in Moravia, for the army manoeuvres, which began next day.—The autumn manoeuvres were concluded on Saturday last with a review by the Emperor of all the troops which have taken part in the operations. After the review his Majesty addressed the Commander-in-Chief and the officers, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at the efficient state of the troops.—The Emperor arrived at Neutra, Hungary, on Sunday morning, and was enthusiastically received. The Emperor, replying to an address of the members of the Jewish community, said that absolute equality of rights for all religious denominations was commanded by justice. The Archdukes Albrecht, Wilhelm, and Joseph, and the foreign military attachés, attended the Imperial dinner. In the evening the town was illuminated, and a serenade was given to his Majesty. The Emperor on Monday attended the Hungarian army manoeuvres, which began with a sham-fight between two division of an army corps.—The session of the Austro-Hungarian Delegations will be held this year in Vienna, and will open in the second week of October.

Last Saturday being the birthday of the Queen of the Hellenes, a State dinner, followed by a dance, was given at Fredensborg Castle. The Czar, Czarina, and Czarevitch, and the Queen of the Hellenes with her children, arrived at Copenhagen on Sunday morning, and attended mass in the Greek Church. They breakfasted on board the yacht Derjava, and returned by special train to Fredensborg. The Osborne left on Saturday for Kiel, to convey the Prince of Wales to Denmark. His Royal Highness arrived on Tuesday.

A new Bulgarian Ministry has been formed, with M. Stambuloff as President of the Council, Dr. Stransky as Foreign Minister, and Colonel Mutkuroff as Minister of War.

We learn from Geneva that the International League of Peace and Liberty terminated its session by adopting a plan proposed by the London section, to the effect that a permanent arbitration board should be established between Great Britain and the United States. The Swiss Federal Council has been asked to take the initiative in respect to the formation of a similar tribunal between the several European nations.—The British representative signed on Monday, at Berne, the agreement for the protection of literary and artistic copyright, which was also signed by the delegates of the other European Powers.

The meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at New York from Aug. 10 to 16. This society is the American equivalent to our own British Association, and, like that of our own society, its 1887 meeting is one of exceptional excellence.—The International Medical Congress was opened at Washington on Monday by President Cleveland, who was supported by Mr. Bayard, Secretary of State, and Mr. Carlisle, Speaker of the House of Representatives. About 5000 delegates, between 300 and 400 of whom came from abroad, were present. President Cleveland, in the few remarks he made in opening the sitting, expressed himself very pleased at having to perform that duty. The foreign delegates were then warmly welcomed by Mr. Davis, President of the Congress, and also, on behalf of the Government, by Mr. Bayard. Monday was observed as a general holiday. The last Legislature having fixed the first Monday in September as a State holiday, to be known as "Labour Day," the various labour organisations marked the occasion by parading the streets.—President Cleveland will visit Philadelphia on the 15th inst. to attend the opening ceremonies of the Centennial Celebration of the signing of the new Constitution of the United States, which took place on Sept. 17, 1787.

The Canadian Industrial Exhibition was opened at Toronto on Tuesday afternoon by Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General. The plans of the exhibition are more extensive, and the scope wider, than its predecessors, the art gallery and the furniture and agricultural implement departments being especially noticeable for the excellence of their exhibits. The Governor-General attended a State dinner at Government House in the evening, when the city was illuminated. The Quebec Exhibition was also opened on Tuesday.

Mr. D. Fitzpatrick, Secretary to the Legislative Department of the Government of India, has been appointed Chief Commissioner of Assam.—Official despatches relating to the operations in Burmah since the capture of Mandalay are published. In one of these the Viceroy of India announces that her Majesty has approved the grant of the Indian medal, with a clasp, and a gratuity to all who served in the campaign.—At a durbar, held at Mandalay on the 5th of last month, numerous honours and decorations were conferred on Burmese and Chinese gentlemen on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee.—The Government of India has under consideration legislation fixing the English yard as the standard measure of length for British India, and also legislation for the punishment of false trade descriptions, on the lines of the Bill promoted by the British Board of Trade regarding fraudulent marks on merchandise.

By agreement among the Governments of the various Australian Colonies, Jan. 26, the anniversary of the foundation of the British settlement in Australia, will in future be recognised throughout the continent as a public holiday.—An influential deputation, headed by Sir Herbert Sandford and the foreign commissioners, has urged the Government of South Australia to exempt goods intended for the Adelaide International Exhibition from the new and protective tariff.—In Queensland the Hon. C. B. Dutton, Secretary for Public Lands, has been appointed Secretary for Public Works and Mines, in succession to the Hon. William Miles, who died recently. Mr. Dutton is succeeded at the Land Office by Mr. Henry Jordan, member for South Brisbane.

OBITUARY.

MAJOR-GENERAL STAFFORD.

Major-General William Joseph Fitzmaurice Stafford, C.B., retired Bengal Staff Corps, died suddenly, at his residence, Mount Edgecumbe, Guildford, on the 29th ult. He was eldest son of the late Major-General John Stafford, 31st Regiment, entered the Bengal Army in 1840, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1878. His services included the Indian Mutiny, the China Expedition 1860 to 1862, and the Looshai Campaign 1871 to 1872. In the latter year he was appointed to command the East Frontier District, and in 1874 had charge of the Duffla expeditionary force. He was mentioned in despatches on several occasions, had medals for the Indian Mutiny, for China and Looshai, and received the reward for distinguished services. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1872. General Stafford married, in 1852, Emily Mary, daughter of Major Gavin Young.

MR. CRAUFURD.

Mr. Edward Henry John Craufurd, M.A., of Crosbie and Auchenches, in the counties of Ayr and Renfrew, J.P. and D.L., died on the 29th ult. He was born Dec. 9, 1816, the eldest son of Mr. John Craufurd, of Auchenches and Crosbie, by Sophia Marianna, his wife, daughter of Major-General Horace Churchill, and great-grand-daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, K.G.; graduated, in 1841, at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a Senior Optime, and was called to the Bar in 1845. In 1852 he entered Parliament as Liberal member for the Ayr District of Burghs, and continued to sit until 1874. He married, Oct. 6, 1863, Frances, daughter of the Rev. William Molesworth, Rector of St. Breake, Cornwall, and sister of Sir Paul W. Molesworth, of Pencarrow, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lord Lovat, suddenly, on the 6th inst., while shooting in Scotland. His memoir will be given next week.

Mr. William Charles Marsham Style, eldest son of Sir William Style, Bart., on the 2nd inst., aged thirty-eight.

Mr. Moses Rogers, J.P., Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, at The Rowans, North Finchley, on the 2nd inst., aged seventy-six.

Mr. Cayley Shadwell, Barrister-at-Law, brother of the late Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England, on the 26th ult., in his ninetieth year.

Colonel Frederick Augustus Anley, Royal Artillery, on the 30th ult., at Rouge Bouillon, Jersey, aged fifty-two. He was in the Crimean campaign and in the Indian Mutiny.

Lady Millicent Bence Jones, widow of Dr. Henry Bence Jones, of Brook-street, and daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Gosford, on the 29th ult., at 64, Great Cumberland-place.

The Hon. Lady Walker (Fanny Henrietta), wife of Sir George F. R. Walker, Bart., of Castleton, county Monmouth, and third daughter of the first Lord Tredegar, recently, from a carriage accident.

Colonel Reynolds Stephen James Prendergast, late Commanding 2nd Madras Light Cavalry, eldest son of Guy Lushington Prendergast, on the 18th ult., on board the steamer Parramatta, in the Red Sea, aged fifty-six.

The Rev. William Henry Guilleard, D.D., late Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Cambridge, some time Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and for twenty-one years Head Master of the Royal College, Armagh, on the 2nd inst., aged seventy-one.

Earl Compton, eldest son of the Marquis of Northampton, on the 4th inst., at Torloist, the family seat in the Isle of Mull. The deceased, who was born in 1849, and was unmarried, is succeeded in the courtesy title by his brother, Lord William Compton.

RAMBLING SKETCHES : COBHAM, KENT.

Kent, one of the most beautiful counties in England, has become almost "the Land of Dickens," as Tweedside and Teviotdale are "the Land of Scott," or Ayrshire "the Land of Burns." From the "Pickwick Papers," his first great work of humour, to "David Copperfield," his best story, and to "Edwin Drood," the last unfinished tale, which occupied his pen on the day before his death at Gad's Hill, the scenes of rural and provincial description in which he delighted were those of the fair region south-east of London, where he used to take his long walks, and where he made his home after quitting the bustle and turmoil of our great city. The quiet old-fashioned village of Cobham, twenty-eight miles from London, near the Sole-street Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, is within an hour's walk of Gad's Hill, and about the same distance from Rochester.

It was here, in "a clean and commodious village alehouse" called "the Leather Bottle," which is shown in one of our Rambling Artist's Sketches, that Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass, having walked from Rochester through Cobham Park, "entered a long, low-roofed room, furnished with a large number of high-backed, leather-cushioned chairs, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits and roughly-coloured prints of some antiquity." They came in search of an unhappy friend, Mr. Tracy Tupman, who had fled from the world, finding life rendered insupportable by his loss of a "lovely and fascinating creature," Miss Rachel Wardle, a victim of the artifices of that villain, Alfred Jingle, "who hid the grin of cunning beneath the mask of friendship." Mr. Tupman had written to his comrades of the Pickwick Club expressing his disposition to put an end to his life, and imploring their pity and forgiveness, but adding, "Any letter addressed to me at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent, will be forwarded to me—supposing I still exist." They hasten thither, and are shown into the parlour, which was then exactly as we see it now; but the table was covered with a white cloth, on which were placed dishes of roast fowl and bacon, ale, et cetera; and at the table sat Mr. Tupman, looking as unlike a man who had taken his leave of the world as possible. On the entrance of his friends, that gentleman laid down his knife and fork, and with a mournful air advanced to meet them. "I did not expect to see you here," he said, as he grasped Mr. Pickwick's hand. "It's very kind."

The signboard of the house now bears the inscription, "Dickens's Old Pickwick Leather Bottle." The meaning of the original sign ought to be well known to everybody. Wine, in ancient times, in most countries, was kept in vessels of skin or leather, which are referred to in a familiar parable of the New Testament; the word is there translated "bottles," signifying in old English the same as "beutel" in German, a bag, not a vessel of glass or stone. Some will also remember the jolly old drinking-song, the "Leather Bottel." A specimen of this article is preserved at Cobham, and others may be seen in antiquarian museums. "Who first found out the leat'r bottle," and where "his soul may dwell," is difficult now to be ascertained.

The antiquarian enthusiasm and sagacity of Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C.M.P.C., who had traced to their source the mighty Ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, achieved a notable discovery at Cobham. It was that of a stone, half-buried in the ground at a cottage door, upon which were inscribed, beneath a small cross, sixteen decipherable letters, arranged so as not to spell, apparently, known English words, but which might be construed into readings of great historical importance. Mr. Pickwick bought the stone for ten shillings, took it in a deal box to London, and lectured upon it at the Club. A lithograph copy of the inscription—photography had not yet been invented—was sent to the Royal Antiquarian Society; Mr. Pickwick himself wrote a pamphlet of ninety-six pages, suggesting twenty-seven different readings, and was elected an honorary member of seventeen native and foreign societies for making this discovery. We regret to add that an unworthy member of the Club, Mr. Blotton, went to Cobham and interviewed the man who had sold the stone. This obscure villager maintained that he had told Mr. Pickwick strictly the truth, in saying that the stone was there long before he or any of his neighbours were born. But, as far as the inscription on the stone, it was carved by himself in an idle mood, and it was neither more nor less than "Bil Stumps, his Mark."

The ancient almshouses at Cobham, which did not escape Mr. Pickwick's notice, form what is called "the New College," built by Lord Cobham in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "the Old College," a Chantry of seven priest-chaplains, founded in 1387, having been dissolved; a piece of the refectory and cloister wall remains. The New College has apartments for twenty pensioners, and a fine old Gothic hall, with the humble rustic entrance seen in one of our Sketches. The church, of Early English architecture, has chancel, nave, and aisles. In the chancel is an altar-tomb, elaborately coloured, with effigies of Sir George Brooke, Lord Cobham, the last English Governor of Calais, who died in 1558, and of his wife. On the floor are twenty-four monumental brasses, of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, belonging to members of the Cobham and Brooke families, and to Masters of the Old College.

Cobham Park, seven miles in circuit, is nobly wooded, and presents charming views of hill and dale, with an avenue of four rows of lime-trees. It has a large herd of deer, and a heronry. The Hall, a red-brick Tudor mansion, was partly designed by Inigo Jones. Its gallery of pictures is esteemed one of the finest private collections in England.

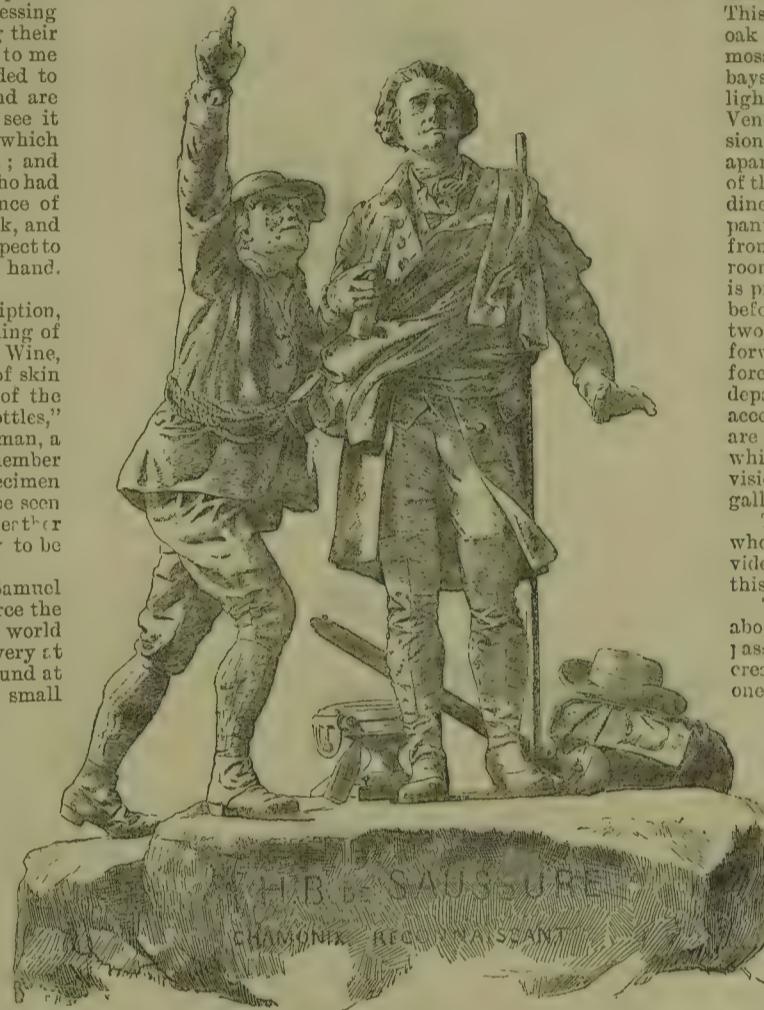
Reports from nearly every part of the country show that partridges are plentiful.

A medical correspondent of one of the daily newspapers gives a timely hint to families returning home to houses that have been practically uninhabited during their holidays. He has, he says, seen more than one outbreak of sore-throat in families occasioned, in his belief, by their coming home to inhale air that has crept into the house through drain traps from which the water has evaporated. He recommends that upon entering the house after it has been wholly or in part shut up, windows and doors should be thrown open, and water taps turned on.

Those of our readers who remember the charming portraits, engraved on wood, by Mr. T. D. Scott, which appeared in our columns for years, will be interested to learn that Mr. Alexander Scott, whose fine paintings of Himalayan scenery are now attracting considerable notice, is the son of Mr. T. D. Scott. In a recent work on art by M. Ernest Chesneau, he lays great stress on the advantages possessed by a highly educated artist, who has, from infancy, been surrounded by artistic and elevating influences. Mr. Alexander Scott seems to have brought all the advantages of early education to bear on his work, coupled with the choice of the grandest scenery in the world for his sketching ground. It is generally believed that Mr. Alexander Scott has some intention of exhibiting a series of tropical sketches next season.

MONT BLANC MONUMENT AT CHAMONIX.

Chamonix, a name formerly spelt "Chamouni," is inseparably associated with Mont Blanc; and, half a century ago, the feat of ascending Mont Blanc was considered a marvellous, almost unique, performance of adventurous fortitude. The Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, had not then been attempted, except possibly by one or two native Swiss mountaineers; no English, German, or French visitor to Switzerland thought of climbing those heights, which were reputed to be inaccessible. There are, indeed, many other mountains in Europe, not only in the Alps of Savoy, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, but in countries less frequented by tourists, which present far greater difficulties and dangers than Mont Blanc. Popular books for young folks, when some of us were children, described the achievement of Jacques Balmat, Dr. Paccard, and the eminent naturalist, De Saussure, as they described the swimming two miles across the Hellespont—as about the greatest thing of its kind that man had ever done, or could ever do, in the way of daring athletic prowess. De Saussure, who went up Mont Blanc with eighteen guides in 1787, was a professor of natural science at Geneva, a mineralogist, botanist, and meteorologist, according to the lights of his age, whose contributions to knowledge were deserving of esteem. The leader of his guides, Jacques Balmat, of "Chamouni," who had reached the summit, with three companions, a year or two before, was a fine brave fellow, long afterwards personally known to many travellers in Switzerland; or rather in Savoy, to which province, now part



MONUMENT AT CHAMONIX TO COMMEMORATE THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC IN 1787.

of France, and not to Switzerland, the valley of the Arve and the Arveyron belongs.

The village of Chamonix—that is now the official spelling of its name—attracts yearly some fifteen thousand visitors, mostly English, American, and French, who can there, without the fatigue and cost of undertaking an ascent of Mont Blanc, enjoy the best views of the largest Alpine glaciers; and, by walking or riding up to the Montanvert, an easy journey of two or three hours, can see the Mer de Glace, with the perpendicular rocks and pinnacles of the Aiguille du Dru, the Aiguille Verte, and others, towering 1300 ft. into the sky. If they here take a guide and walk farther, up the glacier, into the interior of the labyrinth of rocks and masses of ice or frozen snow which constitutes this magnificent Alpine group, as far as the little flowery oasis called the Jardin, they will see much finer sights than by the more ambitious expedition to the summit of Mont Blanc. The latter is, in truth, a tedious affair, and really not worth the money and the labour it costs; for the principal objects along the route, the Glacier des Bossons, the Grands Mulets, and the Aiguilles immediately surrounding the summit, rise directly opposite the village of Chamonix, in full view from below, and look much grander from a distance of four or five miles than in the nearer approach. There is no view worth speaking of from the proper summit of Mont Blanc, because it is encompassed by massive folds of the mountain range which conceal all the valleys and plains. No one is allowed to go up without guides and porters, whose pay, fixed by an official tariff, amounts to £6 at least, and the excursion is dear at that price; but with this attendance, and with the requisite apparatus of ropes, poles, and irons, there is no danger whatever. It is now done by fifty or a hundred visitors every season, and young ladies can do it as well as gentlemen. The romance was effectually taken out of this affair by the late Albert Smith, above thirty years ago, in his clever, lively entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, with a series of dioramic views.

The inhabitants of Chamonix, however, comprising many honest hotel-keepers, officially licensed guides, and proprietors of horses, mules, and litters, have good cause to bless the memory of Jacques Balmat, and that of Professor Nicholas De Saussure, who died so late as 1845; nor are they ungrateful to that of our friend Albert Smith, who certainly helped to send many Londoners to Chamonix. On Sunday week, the 28th ult., in centenary commemoration of the exploit of Balmat and De Saussure, a monument, of which we give an Illustration, was unveiled in the public place of that village by M. Spuller, the French Minister of Public Instruction, with a procession of the guides, headed by one eighty years old, bands of music, flags, and schoolchildren carrying bouquets of flowers. Many English and other foreign visitors were present. The bronze group of sculpture, representing De Saussure with Balmat at his side pointing out the path, is the work of M. Salmon, of Geneva, and has artistic merit

THE COURIER, AUSTRALIAN STEAMER.

On Saturday last was launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. J. S. Swan and Hunter, Wallsend-on-Tyne, an excursion steel screw steam-ship for Messrs. Huddart, Parker, and Co., of Melbourne and Sydney, intended to ply within the waters of Port Philip. The dimensions of this ship are—length, between perpendicularly, 221 ft.; breadth, extreme, 30 ft.; depth, moulded, 14 ft. The contract-guaranteed speed of the ship is 17 knots, which has been obtained on a severe trial of several hours' steaming at sea; and it is expected that a speed of 17½ knots (twenty miles per hour) will be accomplished. Engines capable of indicating from 2800 to 3000-horse power are being built by Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn and Co., engineers, of St. Peter's. The engines are of the cruiser type, triple expansion, of ample strength and lightness. Two steel boilers of extra size are being provided, and forced draught will be applied. The builders have also been desirous to secure for this ship an abnormally high rate of speed with natural draught, and the boilers have been so arranged as to secure a speed of 15½ to 16 knots without forcing. The lines of the ship are extremely fine. In order that the ship may be successfully manoeuvred in narrow waters, powerful steam steering gear is provided on deck, and a strong cast-steel stern-post with sluice openings is fitted, while in the engine-room steam reversing gear is applied.

The cast-steel stern frame was supplied by Messrs. W. Jessop and Sons, Sheffield; the marblework of the drawing-room saloon by Messrs. Emley and Sons. This vessel will be fitted with a drawing-saloon 60 ft. long by the full breadth of the ship. This saloon will have a marble dado all round, with a frieze of oak dignified with carvings; and the floor will be laid with mosaic pavement on the steel deck. The seats are formed into bays, upholstered in navy blue Utrecht velvet; the sides are lighted with large square bevelled plate-glass windows; sliding Venetian shutters admit air and exclude the sun, in the occasionally great heat of Australian excursion days. Below this apartment is the large dining-saloon, 65 ft. long by the full width of the ship; the tables have been so arranged that 200 persons can dine in comfort. At the forward part of this saloon are a large pantry and a bar, with store-rooms, and a lift for passing food from the upper-deck. Ample light is obtained in the dining-room from numerous large circular side-ports, and ventilation is provided by large tubes at both ends. On the quarter-deck, before the drawing-room saloon, are two snug smoking-rooms and two bars. The ladies' saloon, with lavatory accommodation, is forward of the drawing-room saloon. Under the top-gallant forecastle is fitted a saloon for second-cabin passengers; in this department there is a ladies' cabin and a bar, with good sitting accommodation. Abreast of the engine-room, on both sides, are comfortable quarters for the captain, officers, and stewards; while the crew are comfortably housed under the deck. Provision is made for cooking for large numbers in a spacious galley next the engine-room.

The promenade deck is 150 ft. long, of selected teak, the whole width of the ship, and sitting accommodation is provided for some hundreds around the sides and in the centre of this deck. A permanent awning covers the promenades.

The Board of Trade will grant a certificate to carry about 2000 passengers. The safety of this large number of passengers is provided for by the breadth having been increased, giving great stability to meet a rush of passengers to one side; by divisions into an unusually large number of

water-tight compartments, including water-tight bunkers; and by the provision of a number of tubular life-rafts. The sanitary arrangements are probably more complete than have ever been fitted on similar steamers. An abundant supply of water for sanitary purposes is secured by a pump worked by the main engines of the ship. The ship was named the Courier, by Lady Berry, wife of Sir Graham Berry, Agent-General for Victoria, and formerly Premier of Victoria. During the recent visit of Sir James Lorimer, the Minister for Defence in Victoria, Messrs. Huddart, Parker, and Co. drew his attention to the Courier, as well as to the large Australian steam-ship Elingamite, now being completed by the same builders. After consultation with General Steward, the military adviser for the Colonies, it was agreed that the Courier should be strengthened and fitted at various parts of her decks, to enable her to carry several 14-pounder Nordenfeldt guns, and these fittings are now completed. It is expected that this ship, in cases of emergency, will be utilised by the Victoria Government either as a despatch-boat or a transport-ship, or to mobilise two or three thousand men rapidly, or for reconnoitring and other staff purposes. A beautifully-finished model of this steam-ship was exhibited to the large company of visitors on Saturday, and will be sent out to the Melbourne Exhibition of 1888.

THE COLONISATION OF THE SAHARA.

It is well known that the Sahara is not everywhere synonymous with desert, and that that region, despite the dryness of its climate and the general aridity of its surface, possesses many a well-cultivated and thickly-inhabited oasis, where the combination of the two elements of sun and water has produced marvels in the way of vegetation. The Lower Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and at times there is a superabundance; but the number of cultivated tracts is increasing very rapidly, there being no fewer than forty-three oases in the Oued-Rir, which, after a period of thirty years, has 13,000 inhabitants, 520 palm-trees in full bearing—that is, which have been planted more than seven years—120,000 trees between one and seven years old, and 100,000 fruit-trees, while the value of the dates grown each year averages £100,000. The oases of Laghouat and Oued-Mizi and those of Yerville and Ain-Safia have 100,000 palm-trees, and those of Figuig 140,000, while Mzab, with its 30,000 inhabitants, nearly all shepherds or merchants, cultivates 200,000. Zab, together with the Sahara slope of the Aurès, has fifty oases, which grow 900,000 palm-trees and 500,000 fruit-trees. Sout, with a population of 15,000, has 150,000 palm-trees of the choicest kind and over 50,000 fruit-trees. Lastly, the various oases of Ouargla have over 400,000 palm-trees and 100,000 fruit-trees. All these results—to say nothing of the trade in wool, the cultivation of tobacco, vegetables, corn, the vine, and other things grown beneath the shelter of the palm-trees, and of the raising of ostriches, which, it is considered, might be made as profitable as it is at the Cape—have been arrived at partly by the natives and partly by the French, though the latter have not begun to colonise Sahara until within the last ten years. They began by buying oases and gardens in the Zab and the Oued-Rir, and after that they set to work to form fresh oases in the region of Bishra, and especially in the Oued-Rir; the result showing that Europeans can withstand the climate of this region, especially as they do not work themselves, but merely superintend the labour of the natives, who are described as being very tractable and skilful workmen.—*Times*.

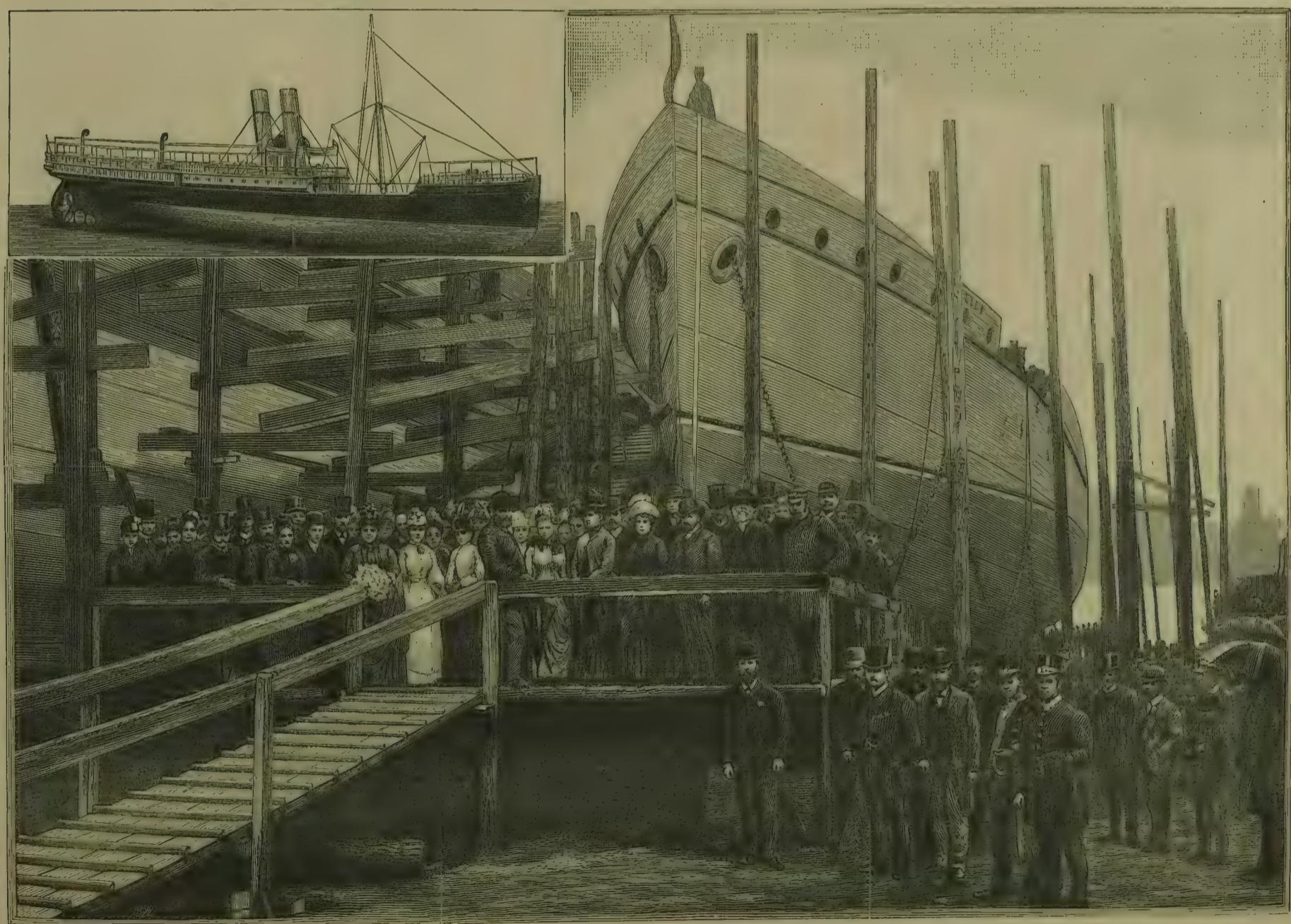
The Earl of Lonsdale has announced a reduction of 15 per cent in the rents of his large farms in the North-West of England, to be in force for the next three years.





THE NEW STEAM-SHIP PORTUGAL, FOR THE BRAZIL AND RIVER PLATE LINE OF THE MESSAGERIES MARITIMES COMPANY, PARIS.

Model of the Steamer.



LAUNCH OF AN ARMED AUSTRALIAN PASSENGER-STEAMER, THE COURIER, AT WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.

STREAMS.

Much of the charm of our English scenery lies in its wealth of streams. I do not mean rivers, though that these are endowed with a beauty all their own everybody knows who has traced the course of the Thames, the Severn, or the Trent, of the Dart or the Tamar, of the Tyne or the Tees; but those smaller "water-ways," those brooks and rivulets, which spread over the landscape a net of silver threads, and with their affluent moisture preserve the fresh greenness of our leas and pastures. They are delightfully various in character, and one might draw up a descriptive list as long as Cowley's catalogue of his (imaginary) mistresses. Those of the Midlands, for instance, have quite a distinct physiognomy, so to speak, from those of Surrey and Kent, which differ again from those of Hampshire or Devonshire, their features depending on the condition of their existence: the nature of the soil through which they make their way, whether they traverse a woodland or a pastoral, a hilly or a level, country—just as men and women are affected by the circumstances that surround them. This, at least, they all have in common: they are all delightful, pleasing the eye with their sparkle and the ear with their murmur. Is there not, let me ask, a singular attraction in running water? I confess I can spend hours in silent observation of it; watching the air-bubbles that rise ever and anon to its surface, to disappear so swiftly, like a young man's hopes, or a young girl's loves, watching the little eddies that gather round mossy stone or fallen branch, and whirl and foam with noisy rapidity; the calm, equable, onward sweep of the main current, as sure and certain as the progress of humanity; the quick upward movement of some hungry fish in pursuit of its insect food; the vagaries of twig or leaf that is borne onward and onward without effort of its own, to be ignominiously stranded, perhaps, on a slope of the curving bank, or gathered into the comprehensive bosom of lake or river.

The voices of the streams echo throughout our English poetry. As in Mrs. Barrett Browning's lovely "Romance of the Swan's Nest," where little Ellie sits "by the stream-side on the grass," and, with bare white feet dipping "in the shallow water's flow," dreams of the gallant lover, on his red-roan steed, to whom she will make known her secret joy—"the swan's nest among the reeds." Then there is that "weeping brook" into which the distraught Ophelia fell, while—

On the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang.

And whose ear has not listened to that "pleasant noise"—

Of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune?—

or to Sydney Dobell's "burnie that goes babbling by," and "says naught that can be told"!—for the mysterious music of Nature cannot always be expressed in human speech—which we may liken to the sweet stream that flows in Leigh Hunt's picturesque verse—

A rill
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.

In Jean Ingelow's poem of "Divided" you may trace the stream from its source amidst the heather and the purple fox-glove, as it widens and deepens, league after league, into the broad, full river; but we love it best while it is still only a stream—a little streak, pranking the down like a "green ribbon," and ringing fancy wedding-bells in the ears of youth and maid who come down beside it. But—

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin, our songs all done;
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

There is a stream in one of William Morris's poems which has a true English character about it, though the poet places it in a far-off land—

Oh, the sweet valley of deep grass,
Where through the summer stream doth pass,
In chain of shallow and still pool!

I know just such a stream in one of our midland counties, and have often listened with delight to its tender soothings as it ripples easily on in the open, and then sinks into silence in a little hollow under the hawthorn, resuming its song again as it starts on its slow lingering course a little lower down. Observe, it is a characteristic of most of our English streams that they take life easily—slide on their way with a soft languorous motion—never hurrying, never breaking out into impatient leaps and bounds, like the mountain-burns of Scotland, but always preserving, as it were, an air of placid dignity, as befits the streams of a land where all is peace and order, and reforms, though sure, are slow, and revolutions are unknown. In a well-known poem Tennyson has caught and emphasised this feature of the brooks and rivulets of many-watered England. Says Tennyson's "Brook," in music that will be heard throughout the ages—

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the nettle sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wilderness;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my crevices.

A Scotch "burn" always seems to take the shortest cut from point to point, and comes tumbling and flashing and swirling and clattering down the mountain-side with an impetuosity which almost takes away your breath. It delves right into the hard granite to make for itself a channel, and where the rock stoutly resists its action, takes a flying leap of a score of feet or so from ledge to ledge, and rushes and crashes downward to find at last a resting-place in the deep loch far below. How unlike our lazy English streams, which invariably go the longest way about, singing all the while however, which the Scotch burns never do! I have in my mind's eye, while I write, a charming little stream on the borders of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, which, one day last summer, led me a pretty dance in my desire to take it as my guide and companion from one village to another. A young man's thoughts, in the hey-day of hope and ambition, could never wander more erratically. Now it slid round a tiny headland, the top of which was green with bracken and bramble; now it crept up into a little thicket, and idled there in the shade of a clump of oaks; now it dawdled along the edge of a hop-garden, and then ran across a green lane, and was lost to sight beneath overhanging boughs. Coming out again into life and light, it shone with crystal clearness over a bed of glossy pebbles, and in a few moments was laughing under a rustic bridge, and playing round its mossy timbers in a mood of calm enjoyment. It found time to bathe the roots of a venerable elm, and to saunter beside a cluster of cottages, where the children were evidently its familiar friends and welcomed it as a sharer in their little pastimes; and so it rambled on its leisurely way, as if all that country-side belonged to it, and it was free—as, indeed, it seemed to be—to go wherever its fancy willed to go, wherever the grass was green and the leafy shade pleasant and the song of birds musical!

Do you remember the stream in "Aylmer's Field," which—

Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran
By salowy rimes?—

a true English brook, with the lush grass touching its full lips, and whispering rushes knee-deep in its swirling waters—a sister-stream to that other in the poet's "In Memoriam," the—

Pastoral rivulet that swerves
To right and left through meadowy curves.

Peculiar to merry England also is—

The brook that loves
To puri over matted cross and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy covcs,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.

Under the bank of such a stream as this you will haply find the little ball of withered leaves and moss which the wee brown wren makes for her nest, and hear, perchance, in the soft summer noon, her mate's blithe song rising above the deep undertones of the waters. Where they break into mimic falls, among the shades of the woodland, the blackcap is sometimes to be seen, prying among briar and bramble, and scanning the hanging branches, in search of insect or berry, pouring forth meanwhile, his profuse strains with "unpremeditated art." A beautiful strain!—now low and sweet, now loud and full; now plaintive, like a love-lorn maiden's sigh; now jubilant, like the cheer of a victorious army—but always deeply melodious. The thrush, too, will wing its way into the neighbourhood of the stream, and fill the air with all its rich tunes and cadences; and the lively tits are frequent visitors, and the pied wagtails come to poise themselves securely on the stones which rise just above the surface of the current.

Keats, in one of his bright and happy landscapes, paints the sequestered leafy glades—

That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral fox-gloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hemns
A little brook.

Yes, but our "little brooks" are hemmed in with something more than grass. Among the low willow-bushes the yellow loosestrife raises its tall and slender stalks; and pink spikes of water-betony brighten the small hollows in the crumbling banks; and the large leaves of the water-dock and the comfrey droop down to the very edge of the water; and the yellow petals of the dandelion light up the greensward with a gleam of gold. Languidly the flags lay their emerald stems along the surface, while at the bottom the pale green leaves of the water-parsnip sway with the movement of the stream. In some localities you will find by the brook-side the true forget-me-not or water-scorpion grass (*myosotis palustris*), sweet flower of song and story, never failing to remind you of the pretty German fable of the devoted knight who, in his devotion to his lady-love's lightest wish, ventured too far into the stream, and as it bore him on to death, had only time to throw on the bank the blossom so dearly purchased, and sigh "Forget me not!" In northern counties you will come across the luxuriant hemp-agrimony, with its leaves cut into segments like the fingers of a hand. The exquisite water-lily is now growing very rare; but in remote nooks the still, pond-like reaches of the stream are sometimes adorned by the broad floating leaves and pure white cups of that glorious flower.

Much might be said about the historical and legendary associations of our streams. There is that miraculous brook which sprang from the hill-side near Coldingham at the bidding of St. Etheldreda, when she was athirst and hemmed in by the javelins of her enemies. There is that historic rivulet which ripples across the battle-field of Senlac, red, once on a time, with the blood of King Harold and his Englishmen. There is that "little burnie" on Bosworth Field which was dyed crimson with the blood of Richard III., so that, down to a quite recent date, the common people refused to drink of it. There is that famous stream which, winding about the rising ground of Naseby, echoed, in the long ago, with the victorious shouts of Cromwell's Ironsides and the despairing cries of the defeated Cavaliers. Flowing onward, it passes the memorable church in which the dust of Shakespeare lies, and endows Shakespeare's native town with its world-known name of Stratford-upon-Avon. There is that crystal stream near St. Albans in which two holy women, having dedicated themselves to a life of poverty, soffed the hard, dry crusts which were their only food, and by their piety stimulated a certain abbot to found Sopwell Nunnery. There is the brook near Lutterworth into which were thrown the ashes of Wyclif after his dead body had been burned by order of Bishop Fleming. This brook, as Fuller says, did convey his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. "And thus the ashes of Wyclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." Then there is that sacred stream on the bank of which some pious Cistercian monks constructed a rude shelter of leaves and boughs, in the shade of seven great yew-trees, and founded Furness Abbey. There is that beautiful bright rivulet of the Rie, which meanders through the consecrated glades of Rievaulx. There is the clear, cool stream which forms St. Bonny's or the Wishing Well, on the slope of St. Boniface Down. It was first discovered, says the legend, by some unknown bishop, who, riding across the hill on a misty night, lost his way, and, to his horror, found his horse sliding down the steep declivity, until at length it suddenly drew up, with its hoofs fixed in the hollow of this well. The bishop thereupon vowed to St. Boniface that, if he reached the low ground in safety, he would dedicate to his honour an acre of land—which is known to this day as "The Bishop's Acre." The waters of the well ever afterwards possessed a wonderful property: whoever drank of them for the first time, and wished, would have his wish fulfilled. There is the stream which issues from St. Winifred's Well, in Flintshire, running clear and cool over a bed of shingle. The story goes that Winifred, a noble British maiden of the seventh century, was cruelly decapitated by Prince Cadoc, because she rejected his addresses. It is satisfactory to know that the Prince was immediately struck dead, and that the earth opened and swallowed up his body. As for Winifred's head, it rolled down the hill; where it stopped, a spring leaped forth, the blood from the head crimsoning the pebbles over which it glided, and rendering fragrant the mosses round about. St. Bruno picked up the head, and dexterously united it to the body to which it belonged; and Winifred lived in the odour of sanctity for fifteen years, while the spring to which she gave her name became celebrated throughout the land for its wonderful curative powers.

But here our gossip must end, though the streams of England are a fertile subject on which one could discourse for hours. The streams which are the joy of the artist; the streams which are the delight of the angler; the streams which are the botanist's happy hunting-ground; the streams dear to the poet and the lover—how much might be said upon each and all of them! We turn from them now with something of sadness; so bright are their winding waters, so melodious is their song, such a halo of poetry rests upon them.

W. H. D. A.

THE NEW STEAM-SHIP PORTUGAL.

This ship belongs to the French Messageries Maritimes Company, and was built in their shipyards at La Ciotat, near Marseilles, with a view to complying with the requirements of their postal contract to the River Plate. The company has its principal establishment at Marseilles, and its sphere of activity not only covers the Mediterranean and the Black Seas, but extends to Spain and Portugal, to China, Cochin China, India, Japan, Australia, New Caledonia, Réunion, Mauritius, Madagascar, the East Coast of Africa, Senegal, Brazil, and the River Plate. This powerful company has always taken care to keep its naval constructions up to the improvements which experience demands, and it has apparently spared nothing to render the Portugal a magnificent specimen of French shipbuilding. She is larger than any of her predecessors, being about 450 ft. in length; her beam is 48 ft., and her depth of hold 36 ft., and when loaded her displacement is 7720 tons. She has a vertical stem. It is easy to conceive from these figures the immense power that her engines must exert to start such a mass, and to keep up the required speed of fourteen knots an hour. The engines are triple-expansion; the cylinders are, respectively, of 95 in., 63 in., and 44 in. diameter; they make seventy-eight revolutions in a minute, and are equivalent to 4800-horse power, giving a speed of from sixteen to seventeen knots on the trial-trips, and keep up an ordinary speed of fourteen knots. The cylinders are of steel; the furnaces are partly built up with corrugated sheet-iron on Fox's principle. The boiler pressure is 16 lb. to the square inch. The propeller, which has gun-metal fans or blades, is built upon a new plan, the invention of Mr. Risbeck, the clever director of La Ciotat building-yards at Marseilles. The following improvements have also been introduced:—An iron cathead, oscillating from port to starboard, for working the anchors; movable gangways connecting the forecastle with the bridge, and the movable davits, which are on a new plan, worked by a worm and screw, with fly-wheel. These davits run overboard quickly, or fall back on deck, according to the requirement of launching or hoisting the boats; and, when it is known that one hand can effect this manoeuvre, the advantage in case of hurry or danger will be readily understood. The Portugal has been built to accommodate 210 first-class passengers, and 726 'tween deck. Ventilation is fully assured by numerous air-shafts and port-holes; some of the latter are movable, and can in many cases remain open when the state of the sea would necessitate the closing of ordinary ports.

There are numerous bath-rooms for the male and female passengers. Each cabin can be illuminated by the electric light at the will of the passenger. There are specialties in the cabin furniture, which contribute much to comfort. The ceiling of the saloon, in white and gold, is ornamented with fine sculpture, from which emerge seventy-six electric lamps; the facings are panelled with onyx pillars, framed in maple and rosewood. Magnificent pictures by M. Courdonaux, a distinguished marine painter, and by M. Rousseau, whose reputation as a painter of "dead nature" is European, adorn the saloon, over which is the music-room, approached by a handsome staircase from the dining-room. This apartment is ornamented with paintings and sculptures, in the Louis XIII. style, with a very pretty effect. The promenade-deck also is very attractive. The officers' quarters are near the engines, and far apart from those reserved for the passengers. The Portugal is fitted with a freezing-room, on Hall's system, for producing ice and preserving some of the provisions fresh; but a space has been reserved forward for the cattle and live animals to be used for the passengers' food on the voyage. It has been observed that the ship is lighted by electricity—there are nearly five hundred Edison lamps, each of forty-candle power. The Portugal, which hails from Bordeaux, on Aug. 5 sailed on her first voyage to Brazil and the River Plate.

The Metropolitan Police are to be rewarded for their services during the Jubilee with an extra day's pay and a medal.

Mr. Justice Grove has resigned the office of a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, and Mr. Arthur Charles, Q.C., succeeds him.

Stockwell Hospital was opened on Monday for the reception of fever patients, of whom more than a thousand are under treatment in the hospitals of the Asylums Board.

After being twice postponed on account of rough weather, the International Channel Yacht Race, from Torquay to Southsea, was brought off last Saturday. The Irrex, which led all the way, won by 24 sec., Neptune securing the second prize, and Hyacinth the third.

The marriage of Commander Van Koughnet, R.N., and Lady Jane Alexander was solemnised on the 1st inst., in Colney Church, near St. Albans. The bride was given away by her brother, the Earl of Caledon, and Captain the Hon. William Grimston, R.N., was best man.

Mr. Bridge, who conducted the official inquiry into the recent tithe disturbances in Wales, has presented his report to the Home Secretary. He suggests as a solution of the difficulty that the tithes should be paid by the landowners, the farms then being let as if they were tithe-free.

A handsome and massive silver salver, the production of Messrs. Hancock and Co., the well-known silversmiths, is about to be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe Platt, of Oldham, by a number of the passengers of the Tasmania who were rescued and kindly treated by them on board their steam-yacht Norseman, which fortunately arrived at a most opportune moment, some hours after the Tasmania was wrecked off the coast of Sardinia on April 17 last. The salver bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Radcliffe Platt, of Werneth Park, Oldham, in thankful remembrance of the timely aid afforded by them with the yacht Norseman, and rescuing forty-nine passengers, whose names are inscribed below, from the P. and O. steamer Tasmania, which was wrecked off the coast of Sardinia on April 17, 1887."

The Bishop of St. Asaph, presiding over a diocesan conference at Wrexham on Tuesday, adverted to the causes of Welsh Dissent and the duty of the Church towards the working classes. These were both burning questions. The working classes must not be dealt with as an inferior order of men, but, on the contrary, as sturdy, independent, industrious citizens. There were among the working classes of Wales men of high intelligence, who had in their own language a very considerable periodical literature, to which they frequently contributed. They were well versed in Scripture, took special interest in books which threw light upon its pages, and it was a grave mistake to suppose any sort of ministration would suit a people like that. In a large proportion of the Welsh parishes the Welsh-speaking population formed the overwhelming majority of the people. They were sufficiently acquainted with English for the purposes of social and commercial intercourse, but their knowledge of Scripture, their religious vocabularies, devotional exercises were all in Welsh, and they could only take part profitably in religious services that were conducted in their own language. Those who had left the Church in the past left because the services were in a language they did not understand.

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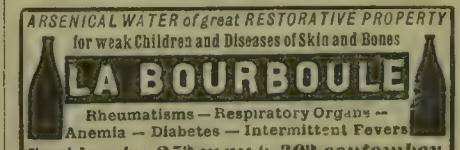


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Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head, And the violet crept from its bed; The jessamine, sweet-spiraea, lavender, too, Their fragrance around her now shed.

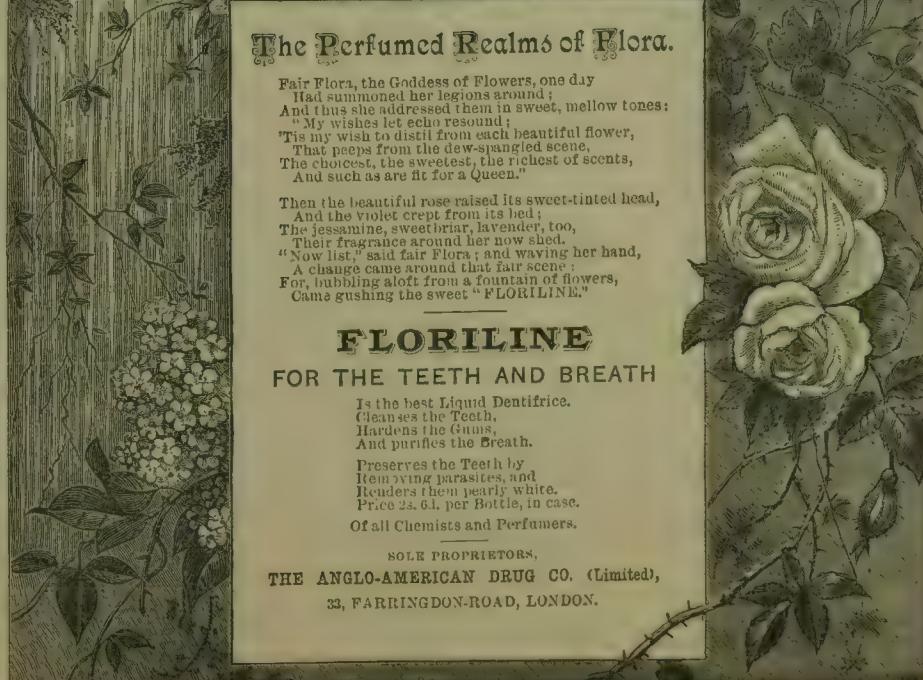
"Now list," said fair Flora; and waving her hand, A change came around that fair scene;

For, bubbling aloft from a fountain of flowers, Came gushing the sweet "FLORILINE."

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WRITING in the "World" of Dec. 22, 1886, EDMUND YATES says:—Mention made in certain reminiscences of wine, of a pleasant and wholesome alcoholic stimulant called "Bushmills" Whiskey, has led the proprietors of the famous distillery in Belfast to assure me that their alcohol is still extant in its pristine excellence, to produce "Alltaps" wear-assured by Mr. Stigges, "is wanty," but I am glad to find that a favourite "wanty" of my youth is as mellow and as innocuous as when first introduced to my notice by my old friend, Captain Mayne Reid!—Address Orders to The Bushmills Old Distillery Company (Limited), 1, Hill-street, Belfast.

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The Hospital contains, besides the beds for Medical and Surgical cases, wards for Obstetric, Ophthalmic, and other special departments.

Special Classes are held in the Hospital for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London and of other examining boards.

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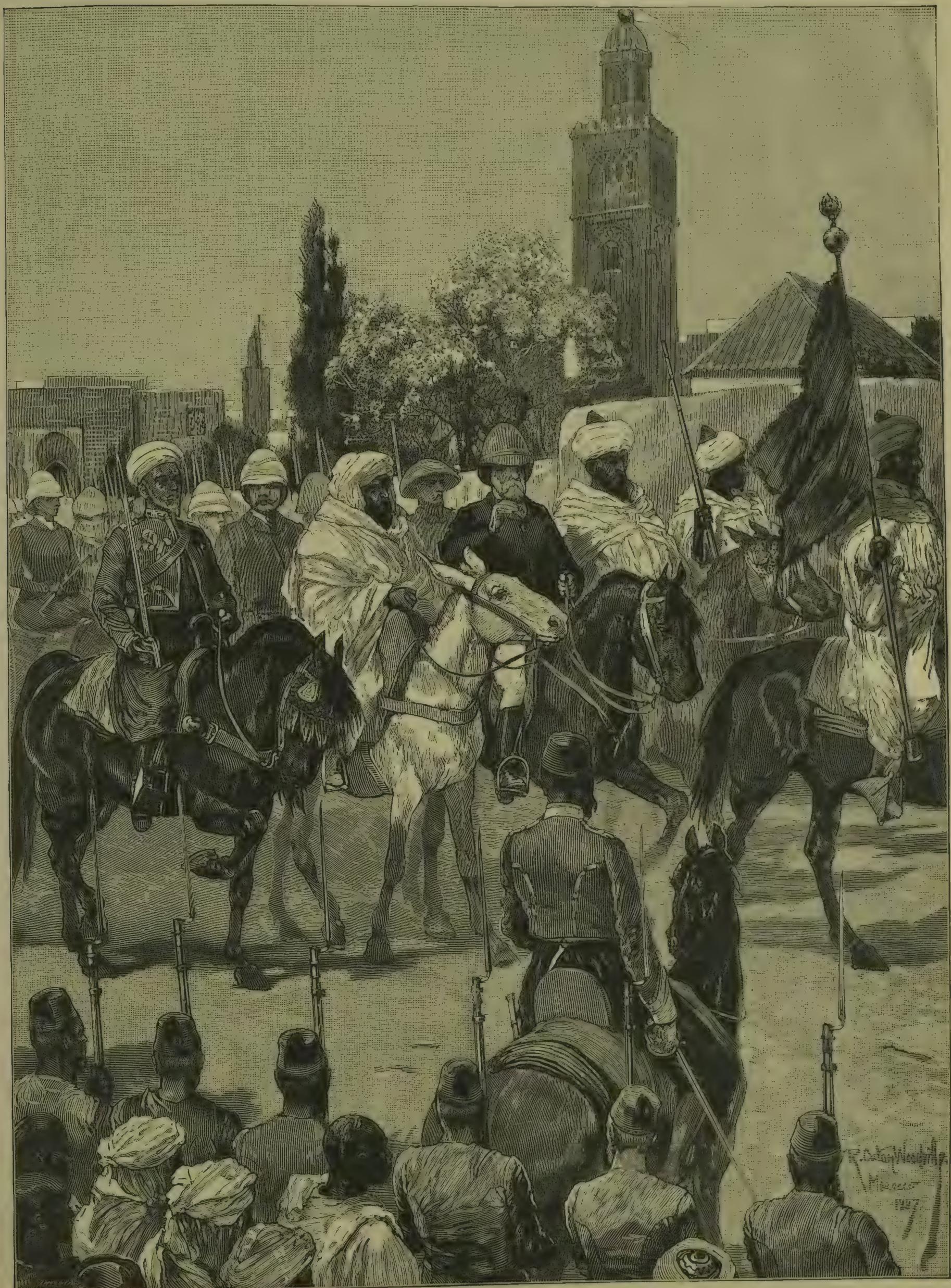
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THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS—ILLUSTRATED BY MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MISSION.



OUR ENTRY INTO MOROCCO CITY.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PART II.

THE SULTAN.

On Monday, April 18, his Excellency the British Minister made his official entry into the city of Morocco.

We were all up early in the morning, as our start had to be made at eight on account of the heat and dust. At that



hour we were all on horseback, looking far more respectable than we had as yet, as collars and white shirts were the order of the day. As each one entered the breakfast-tent, he was received with such cries as, "By Jove, he's shaved!" or "How long have you been getting into those breeches?" or some remark equally insulting. Immediately after breakfast we started with our escort of soldiers. By far the most gorgeous personage in the procession was Costi, Mr. Kirby-Green's Albanian servant, who appeared in full war paint, or, rather, an Albanian mountaineer's costume of white cloth, embroidered all over in black and gold braid, and wearing enough weapons for the whole garrison of Gibraltar. The procession was not long in getting into order. First, after a few kaidas and the standard-bearer, rode Mr. and Mrs. Kirby-Green, followed by the ladies and the official members of the mission, and finally the "unofficialities." After having been on the road about ten minutes, we began to pass between lines of mounted soldiers, who fell in as we passed along, increasing the dust, which was already terrible, for in spite of the early hour the heat was intense. The scene was a very grand one, and thoroughly Oriental, the procession headed by the vanguard, with the standard-bearer in their midst carrying the Moorish red flag, once the terror of European trading-ships. A little further on, the road was lined with infantry in scarlet and blue; and here we were met by Kaid Maclean, his brother, and the Basha of Morocco. As we passed the band of the regiment, they struck up. What they played no one could say; in fact, I think they did not stick to one tune, but each composed a little "morceau" of his own for the occasion. As we emerged from the palms into the open ground, the sight increased in gorgeousness, as the foot as well as the horse men had fallen in in our rear. The hot dusty road, with its soldiers in scarlet and blue—all armed, by-the-way, with Winchesters—the sun shining on the barrels and bayonets of the rifles, our own party half hidden in the clouds of yellow dust, the grey-walled town, with its minarets and palms—all formed a picture never to be forgotten. We noticed the soldiers as we passed along; a motley throng indeed, but looking capable of good fighting. They were arranged in no particular order, and their variety of height and colour had a curious effect. Next to a small sallow Moor could be seen, towering above his companion, a great negro, his head as black and shining as a block of coal. Next to him, perhaps, a half-breed of a coffee-coloured tint—in fact, every variety of complexion.

On every available mound stood gazers, while behind the lines of soldiers, boys and men ran, keeping up with us. Under the shade of some trees Kaid Maclean pointed us out his wife and family, who had ridden out in Moorish costume to see the procession pass. Hotter and dustier grew the road as we neared the city, and we were heartily glad to pass through the Bab Dukala, the remains of a once fine gateway, and enter the town. But, alas! we found no relief there; if anything it was hotter and dustier than outside. Here again were people on the house-tops and in the doorways to look at us. Along the narrow streets we rode, past the great tower of the Koutubia, or mosque of the booksellers, raised by the same man who built the Giralda at Seville and the Beni Hassan tower at Rabat. Sometimes we turned to the left, sometimes to the right—the road seemed interminable. Hotter and hotter still it grew till, just as we thought we could bear it no longer, we turned off through an archway into a most beautiful garden, planted with groves of oranges and lemons, pomegranates and olives; and this garden was to be our home during our stay at the capital. About it was scattered the Maimounieh Palace; I say scattered advisedly, for the palace did not consist of one house, but of pavilions and kiosks here and there amongst the trees. Looking down the principal avenue, one of great size, to one of the kiosks, faced with Moorish arches, is really a lovely sight. The contrast of the cool shade and the sweet scent of the orange-blossom after the heat and glare of the long dusty road can scarcely be imagined. From a desert to a paradise—and such a paradise!

Altogether, our entry had taken about two hours and a half, and though very gorgeous, was a thing only to be seen once, at least in such heat as we experienced. Everyone was pleased, from the Minister to the monkey, and from my live snakes in a glass bottle to the little black boys who sit on the backs of the mules and shout and laugh at their own jokes. The gardens are full of birds; and as I sit to-night and write in my tent, the nightingales are singing in the trees above me—for some of us are living encamped, as, in spite of being housed in a palace, the accommodation is none too good.

Three days were granted us to settle down into our palace and recover from the fatigues of our long, hot ride, before any business began; and it was not till the Wednesday following our arrival at the capital that we were received by the Sultan. It had been announced to us immediately we reached the city

that it would be his Majesty's pleasure that we should appear before him on that day, so that we had had the intervening Monday and Tuesday to prepare our varied uniforms and polish our swords and spurs. The two days passed pleasantly enough, spent for the most part in the enjoyable shade of the garden, in which we really lived, as not only did we pass our time under the trees, but even went so far as to take all our meals in the open air. But Wednesday came at last, and with it stir and bustle. We were all about early, as our reception was to take place at the somewhat incongruous hour of eight in the morning, so that we might escape the heat and glare of the midday sun. Before leaving for the Couba Sueira, in which the ceremony was to take place, we made a light breakfast, and about a quarter before eight mounted our steeds. The scene in our palace garden was a brilliant one, and the cool grey-green avenue of olives presented a very different scene from what it had during the last two days; for, instead of being almost deserted, it was filled with gorgeously-equipped men, for not only had we donned our fullest war-paint, but the Moors who were there to escort us to the presence of the Emperor were arrayed in soft haiks of snowy whiteness, from the graceful folds of which peeped the brilliant scarlets, greens, and yellows of their koftans, while the prancing, neighing horses added to the effect, each led by a soldier in scarlet and blue.

It was nearly eight o'clock before we started. At the gate of the Maimounieh we found a large escort waiting for us, as we passed through which trumpeters sounded a fanfare. After a minute's halt we were once more en route, our new escort having fallen in in the rear. The road to the Sultan's palace was not a long one, though it sufficed to give us a decent coating of dust before we reached our destination—the Couba Sueira. Passing through two rather fine archways, at each of which our approach was heralded by a blast of trumpets, we entered the great square of the Kasbah, into which the palace looks. The square we found full of troops; on our right and in front of us the infantry, on our left the cavalry, of which each man was dismounted, standing at his horse's head. It seemed almost incredible to us that Morocco could turn out so many soldiers, for we learned afterwards, from the most authentic of sources, that there were no less than twenty-two thousand men present. In the centre of these troops was left an open space, where already were the mules bearing the presents from the British Government, in front of which stood the small Shetland ponies—one led by Mr. Kirby-Green's Albanian servant, the other by a Moor. In the centre of this open space, we, having dismounted, took up our position, while various Court officials rushed about arranging minor details. We were placed in line, the Minister a few paces in front of us, bearing his letters of credence wrapped in a gorgeous silk cover. In front of us, some hundred yards' distance, in the wall of the square, was the great green gateway that communicates with the palace—a fine example of a Moorish arch, and boasting much finish and decoration; and between us and this gateway, with their backs to us, and so facing the palace, stood a row of courtiers, some forty in all.

We had ample time to look around us before the ceremony of the day commenced; and this conclusion we all came to: be the Moors in other respects what they may, they are unrivalled in arranging effects. The great square, with its curious turreted walls and fine gateways; the thousands of troops all around us, the infantry in their scarlet and blue, the cavalry in white, flowing haiks; and the white-robed courtiers before us, all formed a wonderful picture. And if, then, we came to the conclusion that the Moors are perfect "showmen," how much more did we do so when a blast of trumpets announced the Emperor, and, the great gates being thrown open, the procession began to appear! First, led by black slaves, came four magnificent horses—a black, a grey, a brown, and a white—following which marched the Court-Marshal, with a white wand, various officials, spear-bearers, and others; and, finally, the Sultan himself, mounted on a splendid horse, whose trappings of green and gold formed a strange contrast to the Emperor's plain white costume, which consisted of a jebab and haik, both of which were drawn over his turbaned head, no doubt as a protection from the sun, though this was scarcely needed, as high above him waved the Imperial umbrella—a marvellous structure of crimson and gold. On either side of his Majesty walked men whose duty it was to keep the flies off his sacred person by continually flapping the air with long white silk scarves. Following the Sultan were more officials, and finally a green-and-gold brougham.

As the procession entered the square, all the troops fell down, crying, "Long live the Sultan! Victory to the Sultan!" and a wonderful cry it was from twenty-two thousand throats! As the Sultan approached the row of courtiers that I mentioned above as being between the palace and ourselves, they bowed themselves to the ground, crying out, "It is the Sultan!" then suddenly turned round and fled in every direction, as though even the sight of his august Majesty inspired fear. The front portion of the procession having diverged to right and left, the Emperor approached and addressed Mr. Green, who had already been announced by the State herald, who shouted in a stentorian voice, "The Ambassador from the Queen of England." To his Majesty's few words of welcome, the Minister made a complimentary reply, in which he remarked that "he hoped that the friendly relations that had always existed between the Courts of England and Morocco might long be continued." On the termination of his Excellency's speech, the Sultan said he hoped we had had a pleasant journey, and had found everything satisfactory, whereupon he asked that the members of the mission should be presented. Each of us stepped forward in turn, bowing or saluting, as the case might be, while the Minister presented us. Our salutations were answered by a scarcely perceptible bow on the part of his Majesty, who, had it not been that he asked questions as to our uniforms and occupations, would have appeared totally unconscious of our presence. When all in turn had been presented, the ponies were brought forward, and much admired, such a breed being entirely unknown to the Moors, who were very naturally astonished at their size. The Sultan was very much interested in Costi's Albanian costume, the like of which he had never seen before, and asked questions as to his nationality; then, bidding us adieu for the present, and the procession having once more formed into order, he retired to the palace. After a few minutes' conversation with some of the officials, we were joined by the ladies, who had witnessed the ceremony from a distance, and amidst a fanfare of trumpets retired once more to the cool shade of our garden at the Maimounieh Palace. And so ended our reception by the Sultan, and certainly it was the most gorgeous sight I have ever seen, and compensated us for having missed the Jubilee, which we spent in camp the day before arriving in Tangier on our return journey. But this was not all we were destined to see of the Sultan that day, for a message was brought to us on our arrival at the Maimounieh requesting us to appear at Court again at twelve o'clock, to exhibit and present the remaining presents, for, as I mentioned above, the ponies were presented at the same time as we were.

Shortly before the appointed hour we left the Maimounieh, and again forming in procession, as in the early morning,

rode to the palace, at the gate of which we dismounted, and, entering through a small archway, we found ourselves in a courtyard of no great size or pretensions, with a covered colonnade of Moorish horse-shoe arches across one side, under the shade of which some half-dozen slaves were busily engaged in unpacking the presents. Here we were joined by Kaid Maclean, the Instructor-General of H.M. forces, and the Lord Chamberlain. Suddenly a marshal announced the Sultan, who quickly entered, unattended. The Lord Chamberlain fell on his knees and kissed the Royal haik, while we bowed or saluted. After a few words with the Minister, his Majesty commenced examining the presents, which consisted for the most part of mechanical toys and firearms; amongst the latter he was most pleased with a beautiful pair of Lancaster's four-barrelled pistols in ivory and silver gilt, which he was not satisfied in merely examining, but insisted on firing—not did he seem to care much in which direction the bullets flew, as he merely aimed over the courtyard wall. An ambulance wagon took his fancy very much, though we afterwards heard a rumour that instead of putting it to its proper use, it was ridden in by his wives when they took their afternoon turn in the "park." Altogether his Majesty was with us some time, and we had ample opportunity of noticing him. He is a tall man—a head taller than anyone present at the time—of about forty-five years of age. In complexion he is very dark, black blood showing itself very plainly in his thick lips, though this does not prevent his being an exceedingly handsome man. His face is thin and looks worn. He wears a black beard and moustache, and dresses entirely in white, on this occasion the haik giving place to a long jebab of a soft rough texture. His hands are small and well shaped. His every movement is studied, and certainly he is most successful in appearing majestic.

Though the Minister had several audiences, we saw him only once more during our stay at the capital, when one morning we were summoned to bid him adieu. Hurrying into our uniforms we rode fast to the palace, and were immediately shown into a richly decorated room in which, seated cross-legged on a Louis Quatorze sofa, was the Emperor. A minute or two's conversation, bows and salutes, and we were ushered away.

That afternoon we spent in seeing the Agidal Palace gardens, the great inclosed park of the Sultan. We rode there, and remained on horseback nearly the whole time, as the gardens are very extensive and the heat was too great to walk in. The whole place is very fine, but badly kept and wild—great avenues of olive-trees run in every direction, between which are wildernesses of oranges and lemons, palms, and pomegranates. There is very little attempt at cultivation. In the centre of the park, but inclosed with high walls, is the Agidal Palace, a new building erected by this Sultan, Moulay Hassan. It is a curious building from the outside—for, of course, we were not permitted to enter it—and almost resembles a mediæval castle, with its square towers and pointed roofs. At the foot of a grand flight of steps we dismounted, and ascending gazed over the clear, calm waters of the great tank—almost a lake—square, and very deep. Round the tank runs a paved pathway shaded by lovely trees, and at one end, opposite the flight of steps, is a picturesque kiosk and gateway. Here we found the steam-launch awaiting us, in which we went for a trip, though she is far from being a fast or luxurious craft; nor was our pleasure increased by the fact that we had to be constantly disengaging the propeller of weeds, to prevent her stopping altogether. Near one side of the tank there has lately been erected an enormous water-wheel, which is, in some—at present—incomprehensible way, to manufacture cartridges. The wheel is of great size, and was made to turn for our especial benefit, greatly to the delight and astonishment of the Moors, who had never in all their lives seen such a prodigy. I wish it all success. We spent some hours in the garden, which, after all, from an English point of view, was no finer, except in size, than ours at the Maimounieh, of which, as really belonging to the Sultan, with whom and whose possessions this article is supposed to deal, a description will not be out of place. The garden is inclosed by high walls, one of which also formed the outer wall of the city, and is



intersected by avenues of olives, which here reach a greater size than I have seen elsewhere, and even rival English forest trees in their dimensions. Between these avenues, as at the Agidal Palace, are groves of fruit, for the most part oranges and lemons, which at the time we were there were not only in fruit but also in blossom. Here and there, above the heads of the oranges, rises a tall cypress, a pillar of stately dark green. The avenues are laid down with gravel, and bordered on each side by trellis-work of light cane, over which grow creeping plants.

At one end of the long avenue stands one of the houses that help to constitute the palace, a two-storeyed building of white concrete, and devoid of any external decoration. Passing by an archway under the house this road turns off to right and left—the former to a private gate that connects with the country outside the city walls; the latter to another portion of the garden. Taking the right path, one passes on one's left the swimming-bath, a tank of some pretensions, with an

asphalte terrace round it, and a small bathing-house. Adjoining the tank is another house, built, like all really Moorish houses, round a patio, the white pillars of which support the overhanging roof. The floor is tiled all over, and in the centre gurgles a fountain; while in one wall there is another fountain of beautiful tilework, the water falling from the small pipes into a clear marble basin. Into the patio look rooms, large but more or less bare, and lighted only by the great doorways of brilliant-hued arabesque. At the opposite end of the avenue, and exactly in the centre of the garden, is a picturesque kiosk, faced with a colonnade of arches and pillars. Here we generally retired after dinner, if the nights were chilly, as they not unusually were. Beyond this kiosk a fresh avenue led to the further wall of the garden, and served as our rifle-range. To add to the effect of the *tout ensemble*, from amongst the thick orange-trees peeped our Moorish tents, for most of the gentlemen of the party preferred the tents to indoors, where the accommodation was none too great.

From the larger of our houses a staircase led to a turret, from which a lovely view of the city and its environs could be obtained. Below us, all around, except on the west, lay the city—in truth, a city of gardens—from amongst which peeped the houses of the rich, while a mass of white flat roofs, stretching as far as the eye could reach, represented the poorer and commercial quarters. To the south-east was the Sultan's palace, its green roofs glittering in the setting sun—for it was usually in the evening that we made use of this terrace—and beyond the palace, again, the Agidal gardens, the plains, and the gorgeous snow-capped mountains, tinged, like the diadem of some Eastern Queen, by the parting rays of daylight; and even after the sun had set for us, the mountains retained their glorious colouring of crimson and gold. To the west lay the great plains, a forest of palm-trees, purple in the evening glow.

We dined on a slightly raised platform, leading off the principal avenue, under the shelter of Moorish canvas, prettily decorated with designs in dark blue; while the walls of our dining-room were formed by high trellis-work, clustered with roses of all colours, that sheltered us from the cool breeze at night, and from the hot sun by day. The gardens were lovely at night, especially as we were lucky enough to have a gorgeous moon during the greater part of our stay, though it somewhat dimmed the effect of the fantastic Moorish lanterns strung across the avenue from tree to tree. But enough of our garden.

One day we were invited by the Sultan to a feast at the gardens of the M'nara, a palace situated about half an hour's ride from the city walls. We left the city by our private gate, and rode with an escort of some twenty men to the M'nara, where we were received as usual with military honours. Passing through the gateway, we entered the garden, which was in poor repair, and, riding along a drive, we dismounted near a kiosk, surrounded by a really pretty garden, laid out in beds, almost the only one of the kind we saw in the country. The kiosk itself is two storeys high, the upper containing two rooms, joined by a handsome doorway. The decoration of the interior was very gorgeous, as also were the carpets. Here we found the table laid ready for the dinner, before which arrived we had ample time to look around and admire. The windows of the larger of the two rooms opened on to a semicircular balcony, which overlooked a great tank, full of wild waterfowl.

The arrival of dinner called us within, and immediately below the windows passed a procession of cooks, led by an enormous black chef, who carried a wand, bearing dishes of enormous dimensions, a man to each dish, and seventy-seven in all. One by one they ascended the stairs and arranged the dishes in order for our inspection. If cooking could be judged by bulk, then our feast would have been magnificent; and even as it was, it was more or less enjoyable. Of course, we did not try all the seventy-seven dishes, but selected some fourteen or fifteen, which appeared the best. I began at the commencement of dinner with a determination to taste everything, as I felt it my duty to know as much about Moorish cooking as possible; and also with a determination to write down the menu, which I succeeded in doing for about the first half of dinner. I think it is worth rewriting, so give it here:

Stewed pigeons, with oil and olives.
Roast mutton, with sugar, capers, and vegetable-marrow.
Stewed chickens, with almonds and raisins.
Kooskooso (somalina), with boiled mutton.
Roast chickens, pigeons, and mutton.
Pigeons and chickens, with oil and truffles, &c.

The dishes were of brown earthenware, each of which stood on a gaily-painted table, the legs of which were only some few inches in height, and on to which fitted a beehive-shaped cover of variegated straws, to keep the dishes warm, which it most successfully did, as the cooking was done some miles from the M'nara, where we had our feast. As I said before, some of the food was quite delectable, though in every dish they used the unpleasantly-strong oil that takes the place of gravy. To drink, there was only water, and very poor stuff at that: for not only does the Sultan not partake of spirituous liquors himself, but possesses none. The same cannot be said of all Moors of position. After dinner, which was served in the middle of the day, came tea and coffee, both excellent—in charming little cups of crown Derby; after which a walk through the shady garden and a little shooting on the tank, Carleton succeeding in shooting three or four teal and a duck or two.

Now, having treated of the residences and what we saw of the Sultan, I will describe, as far as I am able, his more private life.

(To be continued.)

THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.
The seventeenth annual exhibition of pictures, under the auspices of the Liverpool Corporation, which opened to the public on Monday, is of great merit. Many of the works from the Royal Academy and other of the principal London exhibitions are included, whilst artists from all parts of the country are represented by pictures specially painted for the present show. The rooms are seven in number, and contain close upon 1200 paintings; while in the vestibule one hundred more pictures and pieces of statuary are disposed.

The principal pictures by Royal Academicians are Sidney Cooper's "Old Smithfield Market," Orchardson's "Master Baby," Yeames's "Christ-Bearer," Dobson's "Prudentia," Frank Holl's portrait of Baron De Worms, Goodall's "Old Maid," Hodgson's "Robert Burns and the Mouse," Faed's "School Board at Home," Pettie's "Two Strings to her Bow," Long's "Love Feast," H. S. Marks's "Dominicans in Feathers," and examples by Phil Morris and H. W. B. Davis. The large picture "Samson," by Solomon J. Solomon, is included in the exhibition, and will find a permanent home in Liverpool, having been presented to the city by Mr. James Harrison. Associates of the Royal Academy, Royal Scottish Academicians and Associates, Royal Hibernian Academicians, members and Associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, members of the Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters, and members of the Royal Society of British Artists are alike strongly and fully represented. The work of lady artists is again a feature.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
F H (Munich).—We note your second letter. The problem, as amended, shall have our best attention.
W H (Luton).—The best treatise on games at odds is Staunton's "Chess-Player's Companion," published by Bohm, Covent-garden.
C G M (Brussels).—The problem is too simple for our readers. The game shall be examined.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2253 to 2255 received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2258 from Name illegible (the College, Agra City, India); of No. 2261 from General Berdan (Washington, U.S.A.); of No. 2262 from James Easton, John G Grant, and Fairholme; of Nos. 2262 to 2264 from Pierce Jones; of No. 2265 from John G. Grant and C E P; of Mr. Drake's Problem from R H Brooks, J A Schumucke, and Commander W L Martin (R.N.).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2264 received from E Louden, H Wardell, H Worts, J A Green, N Harris, Major Prichard, E Featherstone, C G P (Ware), L Falcon (Antwerp), Shadforth, R L Southwell, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), L Wyman, J Bryden, Rev. Winfield Cooper, H Lucas, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Otto Fink (Ghent), Jupiter Junior, E E H, W Hillier, Fairholme, R Treadell, R H Brooks, E Casella (Paris), Hereward, C Darragh, Jean De Sart (Liege), Joseph Ainsworth, L Aliviere, Columbus, O Oswald, T Roberts, E Elsbury, J A Schumucke, R F Banks, Peterhouse, Cameron Brock, S Ballen, W R Rishton, Thomas Chown, H Reeve, Robert G Briscoe, Ben Nevis, John Sandes, and James M G Traynor.**

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2263.

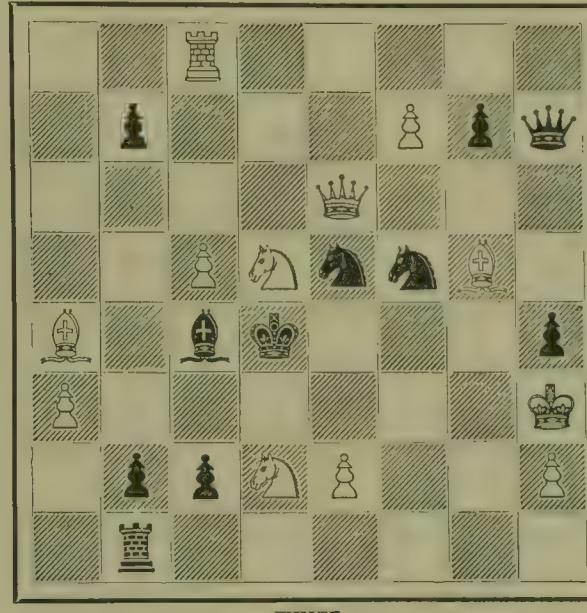
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Q to B 5th (ch)	K takes Q
3. B to B 8th, mate.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to Q 2nd, White continues with 2. Kt to B 6th (ch) and 3. B to Q 5th, mate. If 1. P to K 6th, then 2. Q to B 6th (ch) and 3. Q to K 7th, mate. If 1. Kt to R 2nd, then 2. B to B 8th (ch) and 3. Kt to K 7th, mate. If 1. Kt to Q 2nd, then 2. Kt to R 6th and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM NO. 2266.

By A. E. STUDD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

GAME BETWEEN MR. HOOKHAM AND MR. OLLIVER.
In view of the Inter-Colonial Chess Tournament now in progress at Adelaide, the following specimen of the play of Mr. Hookham, who represents New Zealand in the lists, has a special interest. This game was played in June last, in Christchurch (N.Z.):—

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Olliver)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. Olliver)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. Kt to Kt 3rd	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. B to Kt 3rd	B takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. B takes B	
4. P takes P	P takes P		
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
6. B to Q 3rd	Castles		
7. Castles	P to B 3rd		
8. B to K Kt 5th	B to K Kt 5th		
9. R to K sq	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
10. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th		
11. B to B 5th	Q to B 2nd		
12. Q to Q 3rd	K R to K sq		
13. Kt to K 2nd			
A very weak move, of which Black does not fail to take immediate advantage.			
13. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B sq		
14. B to R 4th			
15. Kt to Q 2nd			
Too much time lost in these manœuvres of the Knights.			
		He should have taken the other Bishop with Rook. We see no way, now, of avoiding loss.	
		17. Kt takes B	
		18. R takes B	R takes R
		19. B takes Kt	R takes Kt
		20. B takes R P (ch)	K to R sq
		21. Q takes R	K takes B
		22. P to Q R 4th	R to K sq
		23. R to K 3rd	K to Kt sq
		24. B to K B 3rd	R to K 3rd
		25. Q to Q sq	Q to K 2nd
		26. K to R 2nd	Kt to K 5th
		and White, being a piece minus, resigned.	

GAME BETWEEN MR. BLOOMFIELD AND MR. BOOTH.

From the match between the Blackfriars Club and Brighton.

(Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Bloomfield).	(Mr. Booth).	(Mr. Bloomfield).	(Mr. Booth).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to B 5th	B to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	12. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. P takes Kt	P to B 5th
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	14. B to K 4th	P to Q R 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	15. R to K sq	B to B sq
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	Very accommodating, but Black evidently sees not the threatened coup.	
7. B to B 4th	Castles	16. Kt takes B (ch)	K to R sq
8. Castles	P to Q R 3rd	17. B takes R P (ch)	K takes B
9. P to K R 3rd	P to Kt 4th	18. Q to R 5th. Mate.	
10. Q to B 3rd	P to B 4th		

It is now the dull season in chess, as in other things, and enthusiastic amateurs are living on the pleasures of hope—first, in anticipation of the match between Messrs. Blackburne and Gunsberg, to be commenced at Bradford in a week or two; and, second, the great tournament of over one hundred competitors at the City Club, which has been arranged to commence in the middle of October. The prizes in this affair amount altogether to £50, including the following special prizes:—From Mr. Mocatta, £4; Mr. Rabbeth, £3 10s.; Mr. Frankenstein, £2 10s.; and Mr. Baldwin, £2 2s. All the games will be played at the City Chess Club, No. 17, Newgate-street. Visitors will be welcomed by the genial president, Mr. George Adamson.

The foundation-stone of the new pauper schools of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, was laid on the 1st inst. at Hornchurch, near Romford, where, on an estate of eighty acres, eleven cottage homes, each to accommodate thirty children, have been commenced.

In their report on the design for erecting a new Admiralty and War Office on the Spring-gardens site at an estimated cost of £700,000, the Select Committee recommend the abandonment of the scheme. They further advise that the entire official staff of the Admiralty and War Office be placed under one roof as soon as possible.

Arrangements have been made at Glasgow for the holding of a great Jubilee fête, for the entertainment of many thousands of schoolchildren of all denominations, on Glasgow-green, to-day (Saturday). Two balloons will ascend, 8000 prizes will be contested for, and refreshments distributed to the children. The Hussars, mounted police, and Volunteers will keep the ground, and the band of the garrison will play.

Mr. W. E. Foster, Coroner at Aldershot, having forgotten to attend an inquest last week, fined himself two guineas for this default. He gave the foreman of the jury the money for the Royal Surrey County Hospital, Guildford; and told the jury that they were aware he would impose a fine on any jurymen who was late or absent, and though he was not aware there was any power to impose a fine upon a Coroner, he would fine himself.

THE GLEN OF GLOOM.

Silence falls upon the gay deck of the floating palace, as, with quickly pulsing paddles, she throbs on amid the solitude of these dark waters under the mountains. Far away to the south behind, like silver in the sunshine, lies the open sea chased by the wind; but above the narrowing channel in front the rugged Bens, sombre and vast, frown down upon the invader. For pale-apparelled these Bens are now, as they lie like allied kings asleep after their battles with the storm-giants of the north. For the black waves in winter leap here savagely, and gnash their gleaming teeth against the mountain-sides; the storm-winds roar in anger as they buffet the iron breasts of their captors; and the silent Frost strains with his strong embrace to crack the great ribs of the Titans. But the everlasting hills live on, and the sunshine kisses them again and the summer rain weeps upon their scars, while their children, the dwellers about their feet, look up and learn to love them for their memories with a love strong as life itself. Many a Highlander wept long ago on the march through the Egyptian desert when the pipes wailed out "Lochaber no more." These are the great mountains of Lochaber rising huge against the sky in front; and even the gay tourist, here on the sunny deck, feels a silence gather upon his heart as he is borne on under their shadows. The young bride by the companion-way nestles closer to her husband as, with grave, blue eyes, she gazes upon the solemn loneliness of the hills.

But listen! Do you hear? Wild and sweet in the distance over the water comes the sound. It is the pipes, and they are playing "Flora Macdonald's Lament." Yonder, down, near the shore—you can make them out through the glass—a shooting party has picnicked, and they have brought the piper with them. How the colour deepens on the cheek of the old Highland gentleman here at the sound! He is just returning from many years' residence abroad, and for the last hour, leaning over the deck-rail, he has been feasting his heart upon the sight of the mountains. "There is no music like that music," he exclaims, "over the water and among the hills." To a Highlander, indeed, the sound of the pipes is full of many memories, like "the sough of the south wind in the trees" of an autumn night. Perhaps some of the passengers thought the ragged vagabond who strutted and blew, yesterday, on a pier-head as the steamer passed a specimen of the pibroch-players. They should see a chieftain's own hereditary piper march on the castle terrace, cairngorm and silver gleaming about him, ribbons streaming on the wind, and tartans afloat!

And the steamer draws in to the little wooden pier under the mountain, where the horses are waiting. A quiet and peaceful spot it is, with the clear green waves washing in among the shining, clinging mussels, to break upon the dark blue shingle. Only twice a day is the peaceful murmur of the waters here broken upon by the coming of the great palace steamers, when there is a momentary stir and excitement—the gleam of white dresses as visitors come ashore, and the getting of the few mail-bags on board. But presently with churning paddles the steamer departs up the loch, leaving behind it on the dark waters a long trail of foam; the visitors stow themselves like clustering bees upon the high coaches that are in waiting; and the place falls a-dreaming again amid the coming and going of the tides.

The five horses in the foremost coach to-day are quite fresh, and as the steamer was half-an-hour late, they have grown restive under the reins. The driver now, however, after looking behind to see that all is secure, makes his whip crack like a rifle shot, and with prancing leader and gallant clatter of hoofs the cavalcade moves off. Above, the mountain-side, tufted with heather and bracken and dark with trees, overhangs the road, and from the high box-seat here one might drop an acorn into the waves that wash the foot of the precipice forty feet below. After the throbbing deck of the great steamer and the oily smell of engines and cook's galley, it is pleasant to be bowing along a firm road with the honey-scent of the heather in the air, and—yes, it is quite certain—the fragrance of peat smoke. For as the road turns inland the village opens to view, a double line of dark blue dwellings along the mountain foot. Cold, perhaps, these cottages look to a southern eye accustomed to warm red brick; but in winter, when the storms come roaring down the glens and the hills are hidden by falling snow, the hearths within, heaped with glowing sea-coal and peat, are cosy enough for all that. Then the brown fishermen, home from the herring harvest of the North Sea, talk over the year's success as they mend their gear by the fireside, and swarthy fellows, shut out by the snowdrifts from their work in the great slate quarries on the mountain, gather to hear the week-old news that has come by the trading steamer. Just now it is only women and children who come to the doors to see the coach go past.

And the horses dash on at a gallop through the village and into the mouth of the great glen that opens, rugged and wild and dark, in front. Between the mountain walls of that deep and lonely pass reigns an awful silence now, broken only by the far-off cry of the curlew and the beating of the wild-bird's wing. Unsought in the corries, the hazel-nuts are ripening and the rowan clusters growing red; while along the misty precipices, the eagles, undisturbed, are teaching their young to fly. All here to-day is desolation, for hand of man has not tillled the spot since the terrible night, not yet two hundred years ago, when the valley was swept with fire and sword, and a hundred hearths, the dwellings of its devoted clan, were buried in smoking ruins. Foul lies that dark deed at its perpetrators' door, and its memory remains a blot upon their name. Gleams of sunshine lie golden on the steep mountain-sides to-day, and the purple heather warms them with its bloom; but a storm was raging through the pass on that awful winter night, and snow lay thick upon the ground, when shriek and musket-shot told that the unsuspecting clansmen were being murdered by their guests—guests, too, who, though soldiers, were their own neighbours and relations. Tottering old men and lisping children were butchered here then to avenge the baulked ambition of a cruel statesman; and heart-broken women, clasping helpless infants to their breasts, fled shrieking from their blood-stained hearths to perish amid the storm.

And the coach with its holiday occupants will drive at a gallop to the head of the glen, and someone will make a jest upon the bard's choice of an abode when Ossian's cave is pointed out, high up in the precipice face. But the heart of the young bride will fill with world-old pity as she sees mouldering among the heather in the valley the ruins of once happy homes; and when the coach comes down again there will be tears perhaps in her eyes as she gazes at the chieftain's house, and is told how the rude soldiers, after shooting her brave old lord before her eyes, tore the gold wedding-ring with their teeth from the finger of MacLean's wife, and thrust her out, trembling with age and grief, to die of her agony in the snow. For on the loch-shore at the entrance to the glen the house of the chief stands yet, silent, haunted by its memories, amid the trees—

Where sorrow broods in silence evermore
Among the shadows of eternal hills,
While at her feet sobs the unceasing sea.

G.E.T.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.



RECEPTION OF SIR WILLIAM KIRBY-GREEN, K.C.M.G., BY THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

SECOND NOTICE.

Nineteenth Century.—The Duke of Argyll finds "A Great Lesson" to speculative theorists in physical science presented by the recent arguments of Mr. Murray, one of the naturalists of the Challenger oceanic exploration, and by the evidence which has been obtained to disprove the opinion of Darwin concerning the formation of "atolls" and circular coral reefs on the subsidence of volcanic mountains, leaving their peaks and craters near the surface of the sea. It is now thought, on the contrary, that in such instances there was an elevation of the sea-bottom. Darwin formed his opinion fifty years ago, on his return from the Beagle expedition. Why treat his disciples, then or now, with triumphant scorn and derision? Mr. Matthew Arnold, who took notice of the Parliamentary weather-tokens at Easter, has returned to his political diagnosis in August. He pronounces the Gladstonian scheme of Irish Home Rule now defunct, thanks to the Liberal Unionists; but he considers that the Conservative Government has weakened its position by inclining unduly to the Irish landlords; he approves of the Crimes Act, but regrets the shortcomings of the Land Act, passed in this Session. "Professional Ignorance in the Army" is a title which to some gallant officers and their friends may seem too hard. The writer, Colonel Lonsdale Hale, complains of the want of practical training instruction in tactics; let the War Office see to this, if the Horse Guards will not hinder. Dr. Seymour Sharkey calls attention to the terrible effects of the new-fangled vice of private intoxication by the injection of morphia beneath the skin. In Paris, it is said, elegant ladies will have jewels or trinkets made to contain a tiny bottle and a tiny syringe; and even while sitting at the theatre, or in a crowded drawing-room, they will pretend to play with the ornament, and secretly use these implements for a pernicious temporary gratification. The learned German writer on art, Herr Jean Paul Richter, a lineal descendant, we believe, of the great humourist and imaginative author whose name he bears, contributes a review of some modern criticisms of Raphael. While fully recognising the benevolent spirit, as well as the delightful genius, humour, and fancy of Mr. Walter Besant, many persons who know the East End of London will agree with Mrs. Stuart-Wortley in the opinion that his interesting romances greatly exaggerate the depressed condition of its inhabitants, and that they do injustice, or fail to do justice, to existing agencies of religious and social improvement. It is, however, a mistake on this lady's part to suppose that Mr. Besant himself is "not in sympathy with these influences," to which he has personally lent, on several occasions, his active assistance; nor would he, in any case, perpetrate such a thoughtless caricature of them as that which Dickens produced of the "Brick-lane Branch Ebenezer Temperance Association." Another lady, the Hon. Mrs. Chapman, wife of the Vicar of Penrith, discusses, frankly enough, in a dialogue on church-going, the faults of taste and of sentiment in many of the hymns commonly sung both in churches and in Dissenting chapels. "Positivism in Christianity," by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who is a Roman Catholic, is a strong defence of the ethical teaching of his communion against Mr. Cotter Morrison's violent attack in "The Service of Man"; but few of the "Positivists" are so well informed as Comte was of the doctrine and practice of Catholic, or of free Christian, religion. Mr. Theodore Von Bunsen presents the German view of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy; it is needless to remark that he would not concede an inch to the National League, any more than Germany would tolerate such a movement in Alsace and Lorraine, or in Posen, or in Schleswig; and he deplores the abandonment of the unity of the State for party interests. Mr. Gladstone, for his own part, in a few pages on the "Electoral Facts of 1887," reckons up the gains of his own party at the polls of several constituencies voting since January last; and invites his opponents to consider "Where is all this to end?"

Contemporary Review.—Though Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is no Parnellite, he was a leading Irish Nationalist many years before the present National League came into existence. He has also been a prominent colonial statesman; and his detailed scheme of "A Fair Constitution for Ireland," in view of the political self-government established in Australia and in Canada, may gain attention with those who believe in any form of Irish Home Rule. Zebehr Pasha, the famous slave-dealer of the Soudan, whose extensive influence over the Arab and other native tribes, though formerly obnoxious, General Gordon was disposed, in the final struggle at Khartoum, to employ for their pacification, is now an exile at Gibraltar, where he has communicated to a lady some materials for his biography, and it is here commenced. The composition of the Pentateuch, the dates, origin, and historical value of its different books, are discussed by Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole with much learning and critical acuteness, but with an evident bias in favour of Biblical authority, controverting the opinions of Kuenen and Wellhausen and other sceptical students. If the capability of music to represent distinct intellectual conceptions of ethical experiences, corresponding with their representations in dramatic or epic poetry, be not a mental illusion, there is matter for serious thought in Mr. F. Sewell's essay on the treatment of the "Faust" theme by different composers, Berlioz, Boito, Schumann, Beethoven, and Gounod. The true

significance of Goethe's "Faust," as a whole, is certainly absent from the popular operatic and other theatrical representations; and its sentiment, at least, is suggested more forcibly by some of Beethoven's music than by any other; yet we doubt whether the main ideas could be produced by any music whatever in minds not already familiar with the poem. This inquiry, however, is one of profound psychological interest. Is not music the language of indefinite aspiration? The second part of Mr. David Wells' discussion of the economic causes of the general depression of trade is deserving of careful study, together with the first part, which appeared in the August number of the *Contemporary*; and the writer, an American statesman of high authority, is worthy of much attention. "Australian Literature" is a promising title; and the favourable account here given of several colonial poets, Lindsay Gordon, Henry Kendall, and J. Brunton Stephens, and of the novelist Marcus Clarke, will excite a desire of better acquaintance with their works. The *Illustrated London News* of Aug. 27 contained an interesting description, by Mr. Cope Whitehouse, with some Illustrations, of the Fayoum district west of the Nile, and of the great Raian Basin, including Lake Moeris, which was anciently filled with water by the mighty works of the Egyptian Kings. An article which Mr. Cope Whitehouse has contributed to this magazine, under the title of "The Expansion of Egypt," furnishes much additional information. He explains the whole system of Nile irrigation in Upper and Lower Egypt, the management of the canals, the artificial distribution of the water, and its results in agricultural production. He proceeds to relate what is known of the history of Lake Moeris, and to show the practicability, by modern engineering, of restoring its former usefulness, creating a vast extent of fertile land, and securing the prosperity of Egypt.

Forthnightly Review.—At the end of such a trying Session of Parliament, Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., will forgive the weary newspaper reader who declines to follow him in estimating the possibility of a "National Party," including the Liberal Unionists, being permanently established in opposition to Irish Home Rule. It is more agreeable, in the vacation season, to read Mr. Saintsbury's literary criticism of the popular novel-writing of the day, in which he observes a healthy revival of the taste for romances of incident and adventure; or the philosophical analysis of Realism and Idealism, in modern art and works of imagination, by Mr. Addington Symonds. "Trade Unions," again, are rather a dull subject, though nobody will deny its importance to social welfare. The narrative of an outrageous official proceeding connected with indigo-planting operations in Bengal should, if properly verified, demand impartial consideration at the hands of those responsible for Indian administration. Victor Hugo's posthumous reappearance in his "Choses Vues" has once more brought forth Mr. Algernon Swinburne as his enthusiastic eulogist; while another writer delineates the notable personality of General Boulanger; and that of the late M. Katkoff, the Russian journalist, is portrayed by Mr. Sutherland Edwards. A description of the museum of comparative zoology at Harvard University, in America, by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, seems to have rather more practical value than anything else in this number; and there is a record also of certain experiences in supplying food to poor children at public day-schools. The collection of letters from various persons invited to state what they think the "finest passages of verse and prose" is a vain and futile custom, more unprofitable even than asking them for lists of the "hundred best books." In literature, we should say, there is no absolutely finest, and there is no absolutely best.

National Review.—Here is not a word more about "the Tory Party." The leading political article is by Mr. E. R. Wodehouse, M.P., on "Mr. Gladstone's Concessions"; and Lord Ebrington, on "Parliamentary Procedure," brings up the rear-guard. The only other political writer, Mr. H. R. Farquharson, M.P., in an article called "Cobden's Dream," makes his points of the present commercial depression, and of the protective tariffs of foreign nations, to prove that Cobden did not know what he was about forty years ago, whereas Disraeli was a magnificent prophet. More salutary and agreeable reflections are presented by the literary dissertations: that on Keats, by Mr. Courthope, whose criticism is always worthy of perusal; a good account of one of the best German authors in this age, Gustav Freigut; also, Miss Catherine Phillimore's notice of the Florentine sculptor Donatello, whose fifth centenary was commemorated the other day. A short paper on Windsor Forest, by the late Thomas Love Peacock; strictures on Mr. Cotter Morrison's recent book; an article on allotments; one about Chinese literature, and a poem, by Mr. W. Watson, on Wordsworth's grave, make up the well-mixed contents of this review.

Westminster Review.—"India and America, a Contrast," treats of the mode of developing economic resources, more especially in producing wheat and cotton. The ancient "Udal" land-tenure of Orkney and Shetland is examined, and the revival of peasant ownership is recommended. Remarks, claiming grave consideration, are made on the anomalies still existing in the legal position of women. The latest volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" are reviewed. Free elementary education, without school fees, is advocated as a national demand. In a first article on "Eclipse of the Soul," a metaphysician

takes exception to the denial, by Positivists, of the non-existence of what is not observable by sensation. A Gladstonian politician condemns the Irish measures of the present Government.

Gentleman's Magazine.—"A Day-dream" is a tender little story, told in a ruined old castle, of a young French girl consigned by Sir Lovelace Carew to the care of his mother; he goes to fight for King Charles; she watches from the tower for his return, but he is killed on Marston Moor; the castle is occupied by the Commonwealth army, one of whose officers makes her his wife. "Some Newspaper Pioneers" include memoirs of James Perry, the first great editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and John Walter, the founder of the *Times*, by Mr. H. Fox-Bourne. "Down the Danube to Constantinople," by Mr. Theodore Child, explains its subject by the title. "Leaves from an Old Diary" are those of the notes made, from 1678 to 1700, by Narcissus Luttrell, of London incidents and news of the time of the Revolution and the reign of William III. "Autumn Chamois-hunting" in Switzerland; "Water-Lore," a collection of superstitious legends of lakes and streams; and "Up in the Morning Early," pleasant notes on the habits of birds, are the other articles for this month.

Belgravian.—"The Frozen Pirate," in Mr. W. Clark Russell's romance of nautical adventure in the Antarctic Circle, far to the south of Cape Horn, proves to be a Spanish sailor who has lain forty-eight years congealed in his schooner, and comes to life when thawed, the sole survivor of its crew, to tell a marvellous tale. The other stories are short, curious, and entertaining: one of a mysterious white cat, which was cruelly killed by some little boys; one of the "serpent-flower," which Neapolitan peasants believe to be possessed by a murderous fiend; a "Summer Idyll," in the Lake district with a happy love affair; the dream of a literary gentleman that the ghost of Dickens came to help him to finish the "Mystery of Edwin Drood"; the bewilderment of a simple shopkeeper's family, near Tottenham-court-road, by certain manoeuvres and disguises to procure the escape of an Irish political offender; an amusing practical joke of "A Dangerous Friend"; and the friendly contrivance of "A Matrimonial Agent" to overcome the hindrances to a proper love-match; all of which bear the brief attention that they claim.

English Illustrated Magazine.—The sketches of scenes and people around a "Dutch Country House" are continued; so are the current stories—Mr. Marion Crawford's stern political romance of Papal Rome, called "Marzio's Crucifix"; and Mr. Farjeon's "Secret Inheritance," which is concluded. An article on Westminster School, with drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton, contains anecdotes of some antiquarian interest.

Art Journal.—The steel engraving for this number is one of the Hon. J. Collier's picture, "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson," engraved by Mr. Greatbach. Views of Locarno, on the Lago Maggiore, and of Iceland, with descriptive writing; notes on the Century Guild, with decorative designs by its members; a view, by Paul Ritter, of the Wine-market and the "Old Schau" at Nuremberg; articles on Hogarth, on the French painter La Tour, and on Bowes, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, where Dickens found "Dotheboys Hall," fill the pages for this month.

Magazine of Art.—An etching, by Champollion, of Mr. Albert Moore's picture, "The Dreamers," is given as the frontispiece. Among the subjects discussed or described in the several articles, with the aid of numerous engravings, are the collection of ornamental metal-work in the Corporation Museum and Art Gallery at Birmingham; the works of Nicholas Poussin; French furniture in the sixteenth century; and "Siena, as a Cradle of Art"; besides the current review of recent exhibitions.

A new stained-glass window is being erected in the north transept of Canterbury Cathedral, in memory of the late Lord Kingsdown, the eminent equity lawyer. It is the gift of Mr. Loftus Leigh Pemberton, a nephew of the deceased Peer.

The electric light is in operation for the season in the reading-room and galleries of the British Museum, and the hour of closing is extended to eight o'clock, except for the newspaper-room, which continues to be closed at 6 p.m.

Lord Derby, presiding at the luncheon of the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society, at Manchester, on the 1st inst., spoke of the losses which had been sustained by landowners. He estimated that not less than £300,000,000 had been lost by the landowning classes, and said the principal cause of the present state of things was foreign competition. Parliament would never re-establish Protection, but still the Legislature could do much for the farmer, and some good might be effected by reducing the burden of rates and equalising railway charges. The next meeting will be at Lancaster.

The Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield was given on the 1st inst., by Mr. James Dixon, the Master Cutler for the coming year. There were about four hundred guests entertained. Mr. E. Stanhope stated that every weapon in store, in the Army and also in the Militia, had now undergone a severe test. He considered it certain that the contracts placed in the hands of English firms would lead to the production of more efficient arms than some German weapons. The lesson lately learned would, he believed, result in a periodical examination of all British arms in use.

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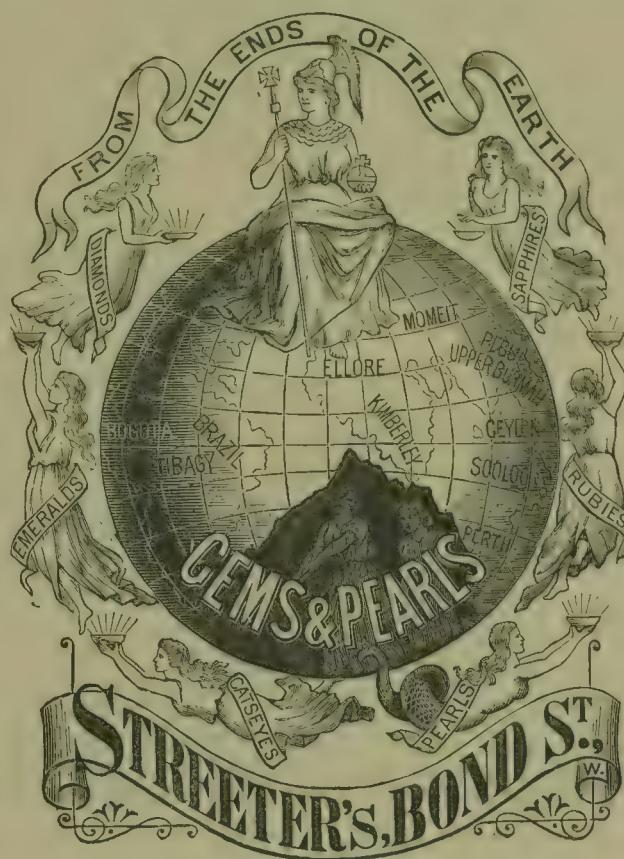
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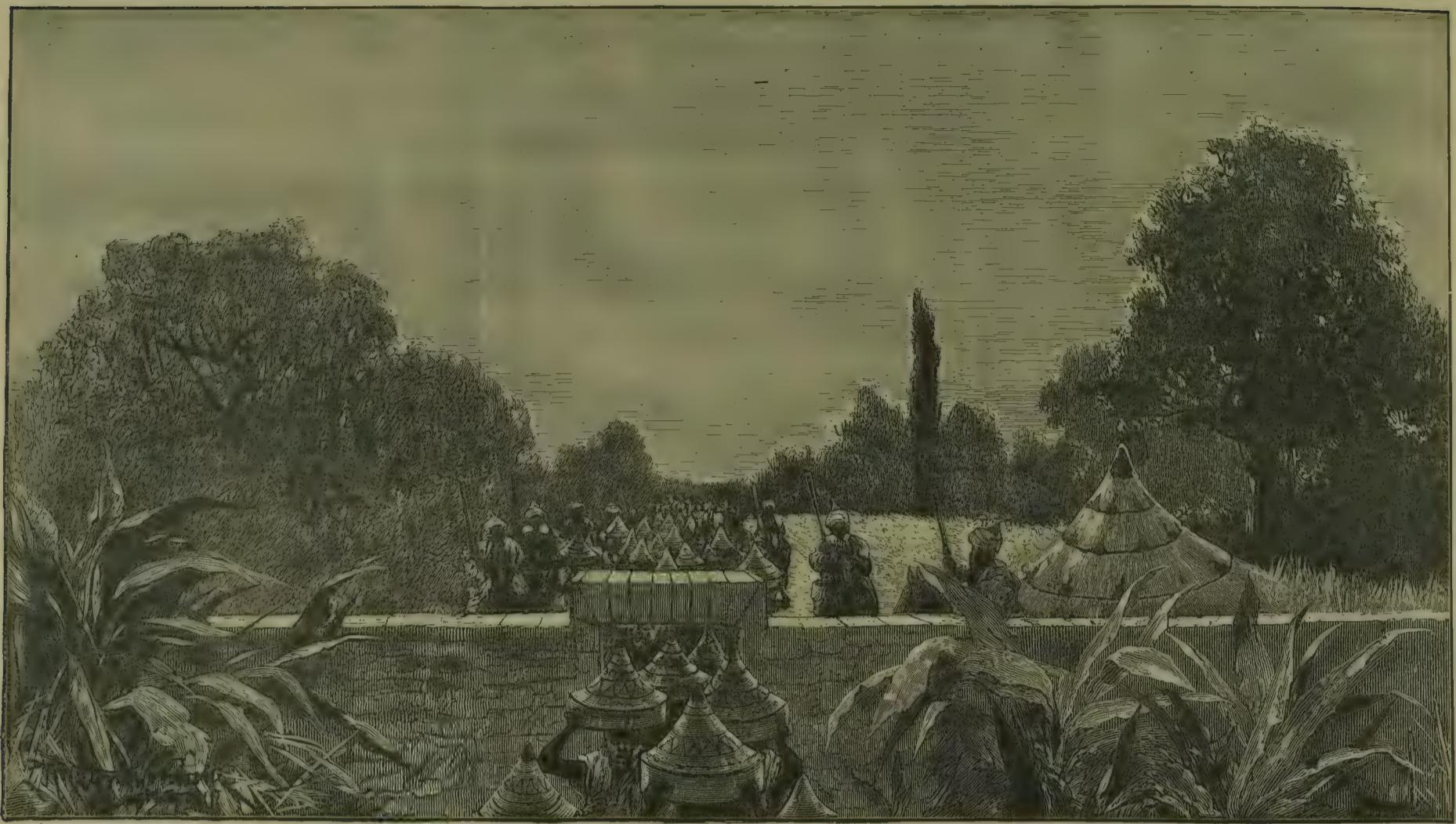
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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"I have been looking for you, Phoebe," said the miser.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARCADES AMBO.

JE REMIAH entered Miser Farebrother's room, holding in his hand the bouquet of flowers he had brought for Phoebe. He had debated within himself whether he should allow the miser to see them or no, and he had decided in the affirmative. "Mother commended it," he thought, "and I'll go on with it. Strike

while the iron's hot, Jeremiah." "You sent for me," said he, laying the bouquet on the table in full view of Miser Farebrother.

"Are those the flowers the gentleman lawyer gave my daughter?" asked Miser Farebrother.

"No," replied Jeremiah, "I didn't know he brought her any. I bought these in Covent-garden to present to Miss Phoebe."

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"You are growing extravagant," said the miser; "and you are becoming quite a gay young character: first escorting my daughter home from the village, and now presenting her with expensive flowers. It rains flowers in Parksides to-day. I was never guilty of such extravagance, never."

"This is the first time I have ever done such a thing," said Jeremiah, apologetically; "but, seeing it was Miss Phoebe's birthday, I thought the money wouldn't be exactly thrown away. Look here—that lawyer chap; he's up to no good."

"You don't like lawyers?"

"No more than you do; though, mind you, if I was married and had a son I'd bring him up as one. Then he'd know exactly how far to go, and I should get my legal business done for nothing."

"Oh, oh!" said Miser Farebrother, with a quiet chuckle. "If you were married and had a son! That's looking ahead, Jeremiah."

"It's a good plan, it keeps one prepared. You've no objection to my giving Miss Phoebe these flowers, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest, so long as you bought them with your own money. Only don't do too much of that sort of thing. When you spend money, spend it to advantage: in something that will last or will make more money. Spending money in flowers is folly, in two days flowers and money are gone. You can look at them in gardens and shop windows; then you get all your pleasure for nothing. That's the wise plan. Costs nothing for looking, Jeremiah."

"You are quite right. I'll bear in mind what you say, and profit by it."

"That pleases me. What I like is obedience—blind obedience—and I will have it from those in my control. So—you're thinking of marriage, eh? A wife is an expensive toy."

"Not when you've got the right one! Likely as not it keeps a man out of mischief."

"So long as you've got the right one! Your mother said something to me; has she told you of it?"

Jeremiah considered a moment, and for once in his life was candid.

"Yes," he said, "she told me of it."

"Sit down, Jeremiah."

The astute young man obeyed in silence, and inwardly congratulated himself. "Things are going on swimmingly," he thought; "the fish is as good as in my net already." While Miser Farebrother, gazing on Jeremiah, thought, "I'll bind him tight; I'll bind him tight." Presently he spoke:

"You have been a long time in my service, and are acquainted with my business."

"I know all the ins and outs of it," said Jeremiah. "I've got it at my fingers' ends."

Miser Farebrother sighed. Humbly as Jeremiah's words were spoken, the miser felt that his managing clerk had him in his power. Well, the best plan was to put chains around him, and what chains so tight and binding as matrimony?

"If I came to grief, Jeremiah, you could set up in business for yourself?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, boldly, "and make a fortune. But you come to grief! No, Sir; not while I am with you."

"It is my misfortune," continued the miser, "and your good luck that I am ill and weak, and unable to give the proper personal attention to my affairs."

"Why say 'misfortune,' Sir? It may be your good luck as well as mine."

"But it is as I say," cried Miser Farebrother, testily.

"Very well, Sir. Then what a shrewd man would do, is to make the best of it." Jeremiah's cue was not to cross or vex his master; to assert himself up to a certain point, but to lead the miser to believe that in him, Jeremiah, a wily master had a suitable tool, who, for a prospective advantage, would devote his entire hand and foot, body and soul, to his employer's interests.

"That is all that is left to me," groaned Miser Farebrother, "to make the best of it. Jeremiah Pamflett," he said abruptly,

"were I in your place and you in mine, how would you act?"

"Under precisely similar circumstances?"

"Yes, under precisely similar circumstances."

"I should seek an interview," said Jeremiah, keeping down his excitement, "with the young man who was managing my business in London for me, in whom I had every confidence, and say to him, 'You seem to have a liking for my daughter.'"

"Ah!" said Miser Farebrother. "Go on."

"My object is, I should say to this young man, 'that she shall marry a man who will serve me faithfully, to keep her out of the hands of scheming relatives, and to keep her especially out of the hands of scheming lawyers. You are the man I would select as her husband. Marry her, and continue to serve me faithfully, and then all our interests will be common interests, and I shall be safe from conspiracies which have but one end in view: to rob me of my hard-earnt money.' After that I should wait to hear what he had to say."

"Not yet, Jeremiah; not yet," said Miser Farebrother: "there is still something more to be said on my side. Supposing that the words you have put into my mouth have been spoken by me to you, I should not wind up there. I should continue thus: 'If I give you my consent to pay court to my daughter, who, when I am gone, will, if she behaves herself, inherit what little property I have, you must bind yourself to me for a term of years. No, not for a term of years, but for as long as I am alive. There shall be an agreement drawn up, a binding agreement, which, if you break, will render you liable for a heavy penalty, which I shall exact. Your salary shall be so much a week, and no more; and you are not to ask me for more. You are to be, until my last hour, my servant, amenable to me, acting under my instructions, and you are not to put yourself in opposition to my wishes.' That, as far as I can at present see, is what I should say to you, Jeremiah; and now I await your answer."

"My answer is," said Jeremiah, "that I agree to everything. It is my interest to do so. You see, Sir, I don't mince matters, and don't want to take any credit to myself that I am not entitled to."

"Continue in that vein," said Miser Farebrother, "and all will be well. But don't think I am going to die yet a while."

"I hope," cried Jeremiah, fervently, "that you will live for fifty years."

"I may believe that or not," said Miser Farebrother, dryly, "as I please. Make no mistakes with me, Jeremiah; I know what human nature is. You have my permission to pay court to my daughter."

"Oh, thank you, Sir; thank you!" exclaimed Jeremiah, attempting to take the miser's hand.

"We want none of that nonsense," said Miser Farebrother, sardonically. "We have entered into a bargain, and that is enough. Now attend to me, and follow my instructions. What has passed between us is, for the present, to be kept a secret. There is to be no hurry, no violence. Pay attention to my daughter in a quiet way; endeavour to win her favour"—

"Her love, Sir; her love," interrupted Jeremiah, enthusiastically.

"Her love, if you will; but that is between you and her. I do not propose that there shall be an immediate break between her and her relatives, the Lethbridges. Things must be allowed to go on as usual in that quarter. I have my own reasons for biding my time. When I tell you to speak openly to my daughter you will speak openly, and not till then. You agree to this?"

"Yes, Sir, yes; I agree."

"Should she offer any obstacle I will throw upon your side the weight of my authority, and she will not dare to disobey me. Meanwhile, keep a watch upon the Lethbridges and their lawyer friend, who has come here to-day uninvited. He may have some design against me; he may know something which it is necessary I should learn before I put my foot down. And further, friend Jeremiah, you are not to presume, because I have given you this great chance. Everything between us is to remain as it is. I am my own master and yours, and I submit to no dictation."

On the grey, sly face of Jeremiah Pamflett no expression was visible which could be construed into rebellion of these imperious words, but in his mind reigned the thought, "My master, are you? I will make you pipe to another tune before you are many months older. Let me but get hold of Phœbe, and I will grind you as you are grinding me!" Master and man were well matched.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISER FAREBROTHER WELCOMES PHŒBE'S FRIENDS.

Life is sweet and beautiful to a young and innocent girl when to her heart is conveyed the assurance that she is beloved. Then is the world in its springtime, and all outward evidence is in harmony with the tremulous joy which stirs her being. What sorrow lies in the past fades utterly away in the light of her new-born happiness. She lives in the present, which is imbued with a solemn and sacred tenderness. Strangely beautiful are the time and scene: she loves and is beloved.

To a pure and trustful heart no direct words are needed for such an assurance; and between Fred Cornwall and Phœbe no direct words were spoken as they walked together in a retired part of the grounds of Parksides. How they had wandered there, and how they had come to be alone, they did not know and they did not stop to inquire. All that they felt was the sweetness and the beauty of the hour. He spoke of many things: of his tour and the adventures he met with, of the occasions upon which some small incident brought her to his mind, of his delight when he found himself back in London—"to be near you," he would have said, but hardly dared yet to be so outspoken—of the resolution he had formed to "get along" in spite of all the difficulties in his path.

"No easy matter," he said: "the ranks are so crowded; but when a man is determined and has a dear object to spur him on, he has already half gained success."

She did not ask what the dear object was; it was for him to speak and for her to listen; and, indeed, he would have spoken more directly had he felt himself in a position to marry. But there was the home to make, and the clear prospect of being able to maintain it. He must be able to go to her father and say, "I am in such and such a position, and I love your daughter." Deeply in love as he was with the sweet girl walking by his side, there was a practical side to his character which augured well for his future. He was a proud and honourable young fellow, and he shrank from presenting himself to Miser Farebrother as a beggar. No; he must first win his spurs; must show the kind of stuff he was made of, and that he was worthy of the treasure he aspired to win. He had heard that Miser Farebrother was very rich and very grasping, and he was aware that in dealing with such a man he was treading on delicate ground. He did not dare to risk a refusal. To trade upon the prospect of living upon the money Miser Farebrother might give his daughter was, in Fred Cornwall's view, a base proceeding, and he could not lend himself to it. "I wish the old gentleman was poor," he thought; "then I would speak at once. But a few months will soon pass."

Meanwhile, this quiet hour with Phœbe assured him that he had won her love, and that she would wait for him. He may be forgiven for being a little sentimental; it is an old fashion—as old as hearts, and that their hands should meet,

and that the girl's pulses should thrill at the touch of his, is natural and good when young people commune in innocence and honour. The silence that fell upon them now and then was sweeter, perhaps, than the words that were spoken.

Fanny championed and guarded them, and kept intruders off. The principal would-be offender was Bob, and it needed all his sister's cleverness to keep him by her side. It is to be feared, however, that if he had had any suspicion of what was going on he would have made a bold dash for it; but a very unsuspecting mortal was Bob, and the last thought in his mind was that any young gentleman would come wooing his pretty cousin. Fanny was completely in her element, fencing and parrying questions asked by her father and brother, saying: "Oh! she will be here presently. Do you think she has no one to attend to but us?" Aunt Leth was discreetly silent; she remembered the time when she herself was young, and her dear husband came courting her. Once Mrs. Pamflett came up, and asked, "Where is Miss Farebrother?"

Fanny promptly answered her. "Dear me! She was here but a moment ago! I think she must have gone in that direction." Pointing in front of her, while Phœbe was in the rear.

"And Mr. Cornwall," said Mrs. Pamflett, very quietly, "has he also gone in that direction?"

"Oh, no!" said Fanny, unblushingly, "he has gone to have a smoke. Men are the selfishest creatures, are they not, Mrs. Pamflett?"

Mrs. Pamflett sighed a gentle endorsement of the declaration, and meekly went the way indicated by Fanny. She turned off, however, when she could no longer be seen by the Lethbridges, and by a devious path successfully tracked Phœbe and Fred Cornwall, whom, from a distance, she watched with lynx eyes, noting the manner of their association—Phœbe's head modestly bent down, and Fred gazing upon her with looks of love.

Fanny, meanwhile, talking away vivaciously, suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, and cried "Oh!"

"Has a pin run into you?" asked Bob; but he, too, gasped as he saw Miser Farebrother, leaning upon Jeremiah's arm, standing in front. Aunt Leth was the first to speak to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Farebrother?" she said, holding out her hand.

"Weak and ill, as you see," said Miser Farebrother, shaking hands with his sister-in-law; "a martyr to rheumatism and other pains. I'm growing old, sister-in-law; I'm growing old. Don't you see the change in me?"

"We are all growing old," said Mrs. Lethbridge, with a sympathising smile.

"But some can bear it better than others," groaned Miser Farebrother. "Now, you are strong and can walk without support. Look at me: even with my crutch-stick I cannot walk without human support. Don't go, Jeremiah; I shall fall to the ground if you leave me. You know my sister-in-law?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, with a careless nod at Aunt Leth; "we had tea together—a delightful tea."

He had been searching with his eyes for Phœbe, and, not seeing her or Fred Cornwall, had made a movement to leave his master.

"We have to thank you," said Aunt Leth to Miser Farebrother, "for a very pleasant evening."

"Don't speak of it. We ought to see more of each other; you ought to have been here oftener. One's flesh and blood—we are almost that, are we not, sister-in-law?—should not desert one as you have deserted me."

"Indeed, indeed!" stammered Aunt Leth, somewhat confounded by this reproach.

"Never mind, never mind," said Miser Farebrother, with a gentle air of resignation. "We must say nothing but kind things to one another. If you have deserted me, you have not deserted my dear child, who is always full of praises of you."

"We love her," said Aunt Leth, "as well as we love our own."

"It is very good of you. Is that your husband? My eyesight is shockingly weak—I'm breaking fast, I'm afraid."

Mr. Lethbridge came forward, and Miser Farebrother seized his hand and gave it a cordial grasp. The kind-hearted man could find nothing better to say than—

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Farebrother."

"Not so glad to see me as I am to see you. It is quite like old times—quite like old times. How is the world using you? But I need not ask, I can see for myself. I am very pleased—very, very. You deserve it. I wish the world used me as well; but we can't all be so fortunate. When I was a young man, I used to hope that when I was as old as I am now I should be able to keep a carriage. Young hopes, brother-in-law, eh? Seldom realised, are they? I can hardly afford to keep a—a wheelbarrow—eh, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, Sir," said Jeremiah, obsequiously.

"We can't have all we wish," pursued Miser Farebrother; and Jeremiah, although he was impatient to go in search of Phœbe, whom he now looked upon as his property, could not help taking interest and pleasure in his master's gentle and philosophic departure, which he, better than any one of the other listeners, could appreciate at its true value. "In a hundred years to come, a carriage and a wheelbarrow will be all the same to us. Still, I am glad to hear of your good fortune." (Mr. Lethbridge stared, and wondered whether he was awake or asleep, or whether he had said anything of which he was unconscious.) "How well and hale you look! Not a day older—not a day. You must tell me the secret; though I fear it is too late for me. And this young gentleman"—turning to Bob, who became suddenly very hot and uncomfortable—"your son, eh?—your bright boy?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lethbridge; "our son Robert."

"How do you do, nephew?" said Miser Farebrother, giving Bob two fingers, which, when Bob got them, he did not know what to do with. "And how is the world using you?"

"Extremely well, Sir, thank you," Bob blurted out, without in the least knowing what he was saying; for, instead of the world using him extremely well, it was not using him at all.

"How pleasant to hear!" exclaimed Miser Farebrother.

"I feel like rubbing my hands, but one has my crutch-stick in it and the other is leaning on Jeremiah. You come of a lucky stock; go on and prosper, nephew. And this?"—He turned to Fanny who, in a feverish state, was awaiting recognition. She was so confused that it was not until hours afterwards that her indignation was excited at being referred to as "this"—as though she were a chattel.

"Our daughter Fanny," said Aunt Leth, observing that her husband was incapable of speech.

"Kiss me, niece," said Miser Farebrother. He raised his wrinkled face, and Fanny put her lips to it. He called a joyous look into his eyes, and in a kind of rapture murmured, "The kiss of beauty! But don't be too lavish of them, niece." He peered around as though he suddenly missed somebody.

"Where is your young gentleman, niece?"

Jeremiah chuckled quietly.

"My young gentleman!" cried Fanny, flushing up.

Her mother gave her a warning look.

"Yes, your young gentleman. There is one here, isn't there? or did Phœbe make a mistake?"

"You mean Mr. Cornwall," said Aunt Leth, in a gentle tone.

"I think that is the name Phœbe mentioned. A lawyer, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Fanny, before her mother could speak, "and a very clever one."

"Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed Miser Farebrother. "That is as it should be. I am sure he is a very clever one; I hope we are not wrong in our opinion of him—for your sake, niece, for your sake. Sister-in-law, brother-in-law, I congratulate you. Niece, kiss me again."

Fanny held back, but her mother murmured, "Fanny!" and the girl kissed the miser's wrinkled face again; upon which he smacked his lips and cast up his eyes languishingly.

"And now," he said, "I must really go and find my dear Phœbe and the very clever lawyer. We must go; mustn't we, Jeremiah? See, sister-in-law, Jeremiah brought some flowers for my dear child, and, happening to forget them when she left the table, she sent him back for them. I am ashamed of myself for having detained him. Do you know where Phœbe is? this way—or that? That way! Thank you; I shall easily find her. Remember what I said to you: we must really see more of each other; you must come here often. And you, brother-in-law, and you, niece. And hark you, nephew: when I asked you how the world was using you, you answered, 'Extremely well, Sir.' You did, did you not?"

"Yes, Sir," said Bob, not knowing what was coming.

"You were wrong, and you are wrong again. Sister-in-law, too: you called me 'Mr. Farebrother'?"

"Yes," said Aunt Leth, faintly.

"But why, why? Why 'Sir' and why 'Mr.'? Everybody else calls me Miser Farebrother. I like it; it tickles me. Pray call me for the future, like good-natured souls as you are. Come, Jeremiah, come. Phœbe will be impatient for your flowers."

He hobbled away, clinging to Jeremiah's arm, and presently said,

"Well, Jeremiah?"

"Thank you," said Jeremiah.

"Keep faith with me," said Miser Farebrother, fiercely, taking his hand from Jeremiah's arm, and standing erect, "and I'll keep faith with you. Trick me, deceive me, rob me, and I'll make England too hot to hold you!"

"Why do you speak to me like that?" asked Jeremiah, in an injured tone.

"Because I know the world," retorted the miser; "because I know human nature. Did I show it to them just now, or did I not? Did I compel them to be honey to my face, while they hated me in their hearts? Play tricks with me, and I'll serve you worse!"

"We have made a bargain," said Jeremiah, submissively, "and I will keep to it, and be grateful to you all my life."

"That is what I want," said Miser Farebrother. "While I am alive I am master. When I am gone, you will have your turn."

After that they walked on in silence, but Jeremiah's thoughts, fashioned into words, may be thus construed: "When you are gone! You think I will wait till then, do you? You old fool! You're not in it with me!"

For a few moments after Miser Farebrother left the Lethbridges, they gazed at each other in silence. Then said Fanny:

"Would you like to know what I think of uncle—no, Miser Farebrother? Well, I think he's a brute!"

"Hush, hush, Fanny!" said Mrs. Lethbridge. "For Phœbe's sake!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SACRED PROMISE—WON BY GUILLE.

Upon the happy musings of the lovers came a harsh interruption. They turned and saw Miser Farebrother and Jeremiah.

"I have been looking for you, Phœbe," said the miser, "and so has Jeremiah."

"Your flowers, Miss," said Jeremiah, offering them.

With her father's eye upon her she could not choose but take them.

"You sent me back for them, you know," said Jeremiah.

"I should have brought them before but for,"

"But for my calling to him," interrupted Miser Farebrother, "upon a matter of business. I am pleased that your friends have enjoyed themselves. You have had a pleasant birthday, Phœbe."

"Very pleasant, father; I shall never forget it. Father, this is Mr. Cornwall, who brought me the presents I showed you."

"I trust you will excuse me," said Fred, gazing with interest at Phœbe's father, "for intruding myself. But Miss Farebrother and I have met so often at Mrs. Lethbridge's house that I thought I might venture."

"All my daughter's friends," said Miser Farebrother in his blandest tone, "are welcome here. A very charming family the Lethbridges."

"Indeed they are," said Fred, warmly.

"We have met but seldom," said Miser Farebrother, "and I was just expressing my regret that we did not see each other oftener."

"Oh, father!" said Phœbe, in a grateful voice, gliding to his side. There was no discordant note in his speech; he looked kindly upon her; and he had met Fred Cornwall in a spirit of friendliness. Her cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

"Perhaps Mr. Cornwall will give me his address," said Miser Farebrother. "I may ask him to decide some knotty point of law for me."

Fred Cornwall drew forth his card-case with alacrity, and handed a card to the miser.

"You will excuse me now," said Miser Farebrother; "I am by no means well, and

mistaken. He has been kindness itself; you do not understand him.' Then she will appeal to Mr. Cornwall, and ask him whether I did not speak in the most beautiful way of her aunt and uncle, and he will be able to make but one answer. That will silence them; they won't have a word to say for themselves. Ha, ha! I am really enjoying the game."

He kept Jeremiah with him until the Lethbridges and Fred Cornwall were gone, and then sent him back to London, bidding him not to take the same train as Phoebe's relatives.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock when Phoebe received a message from her father, through Mrs. Pamflett, bidding her come to him and wish him good-night. Phoebe had been sitting at the open window of her bed-room, musing upon the happy day fast drawing to an end. A tender light bathed the grounds of Parksides, and seemed to the happy girl to be an omen of the future—a future of love and peace. The soft breeze kissed her, and whispered to her of love; the silence of Nature was eloquent with the immortal song; a tremulous joy possessed her soul. "He loves me! he loves me! he loves me!" This was the song sang by her heart, bringing light to her eyes, blushes to her cheeks, and causing her, from a very excess of joy, to hide her face in her hands. "How sweet, how beautiful is the world!" she said only to herself. "How good everybody is to me!" She rose from these musings to attend her father. Mrs. Pamflett accompanied her to the door of his apartment.

"Good-night," she said to the young girl.

"Good-night, Mrs. Pamflett," said Phoebe; "and thank you for all you have done to-day."

"I am glad you are pleased with me. May I call you Phoebe?"

"Yes, if you like."

"May I kiss you?"

"Yes," said Phoebe, with a bright look; and she received and returned the kiss.

"This is the commencement of a happy time for you, Phoebe." She had heard from her son all the particulars of the agreement entered into by him and Miser Farebrother.

Phoebe glanced shyly at her, and thought, "Does she know about Mr. Cornwall? Does everybody know?" She answered Mrs. Pamflett's remark aloud. "I am sure it is. Oh, Mrs. Pamflett. I am happy—very, very happy!"

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Good-night again, Phoebe."

"Good-night, Mrs. Pamflett."

When she was in her father's room, with the door closed, what reason had Phoebe to suppose that Mrs. Pamflett was crouching down outside, to catch what passed between Miser Farebrother and his daughter?

"Come and sit beside me, Phoebe," said Miser Farebrother.

"So—the birthday is over?"

"Nearly over, father."

"And your friends have gone away contented?"

"Yes, father."

"Those flowers look well in your dress. What flowers are they? Ah, I see: white daisies and roses. Who gave you the daisies?"

"A poor friend in the village sent them to me." Knowing that her father was incensed against Tom Barley, she did not dare to mention his name.

"And the roses, Phoebe?"

"Mr. Cornwall gave them to me," said Phoebe, timidly.

"Can you spare me one?"

She gave it to him gladly, and he stuck it in his coat. Phoebe's heart beat quick. Every sign that came to her was in harmony with its throbbing.

"I am sorry for your sake, Phoebe, that I am not younger and stronger."

"Dear father! I grieve that you suffer so! If I only knew what to do to make you well!"

"That is spoken like a dutiful child. All that you can do is not to worry me—not to give me pain."

"Indeed, indeed, father," said Phoebe, earnestly, "I will never do that!"

"You are a good girl. It is strange that it was only the other day I suddenly discovered you were a woman. The change brings other changes, and I, your father, must not be blind to the fact. Why, Phoebe," he said gaily, "it is more than likely that one day you will marry." Phoebe hung her head. "You blush! As your dear mother used to blush when she and I were talking of love. I did my best to make her happy. She died too soon for you and me!" He sighed, and paused a moment. "And now, Phoebe, I am both mother and father to you."

"Yes, dear father."

"I have only one wish in life, Phoebe—your happiness; and we must bring it about. It has happened sometimes that you have not seen me in a right light; I have said things which may have laid me open to misconstruction. They have not really come from my heart; I have been so tortured with pain that I scarcely knew what I was saying. Will you forgive me, Phoebe?"

"Dear father, I love you!"

"You are my own child, your sainted mother's child! Before she died she spoke to me of the time when you would be a woman and when changes were before you. The duty you owed to her you owe, also, to me."

"I shall never be wanting in it, father."

"You will marry—of course you will marry. You will ask for my consent, like a dutiful, loving child?"

"I could not be happy without it, father," said Phoebe, in a low tone. His voice was so benevolent, so imbued with concern for her happiness, that her heart went out to him.

"That is a promise, my dear child?"

"Yes, dear father, it is a promise."

"That you will not marry without my consent. Phoebe, this loving conversation is doing me good; it is better than all the doctors in the world: I am feeling almost well." He folded her in his arms and kissed her. "Why, what is this? A Prayer Book. Your mother's, my dear, which we used together when we went to church. She is looking down upon us now; she will guard you in your dreams to-night. Kiss this sacred book, my child, and repeat what you have promised—that you will not marry without my consent."

Without hesitation Phoebe took the book in her hand and kissed it, saying as she did so, "Dear father, I will never marry without your consent." She laid the book upon the table, and burst into a flood of happy tears.

"Good child, good child," said Miser Farebrother, "your sainted mother's child. Now go. I am exhausted. Good night, Phoebe. May you have happy dreams!"

Phoebe tenderly embraced him, and went to her room, the happiest of happy girls. While Miser Farebrother rubbed his hands, and muttered gleefully, "Mr. Cornwall, my cunning lawyer, and my dear sister- and brother-in-law, I think I have scotched your little scheme." He went to bed in a perfectly happy frame of mind. He had done a good night's work.

On a little table by Phoebe's bed were Fred Cornwall's and Tom Barley's flowers. She kissed Fred's flowers before she blew out the light, and even in the dark she drew them to her lips, and so fell asleep with the roses at her breast.

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

In the King's Service. By Mrs. Hibbert-Ware. Three vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—Our old acquaintance, Sergeant Kite, of the recruiting service, appears in 1803, the date of this story, as busy as ever in persuading the young rustics of Somersetshire to take King George's shilling. There is a good sharp flavour of old-fashioned English country life, in Yorkshire as well as in the southern county just named; and there are brisk military movements abroad, terminating in the Battle of Waterloo, which give the story a lively interest, more wholesome than that of some other novels. The authoress, whose preceding works of fiction have won a share of public favour, has made use of materials supplied by the private letters of two officers who served in the 40th Regiment during the French war, and of local information concerning the inhabitants of the old town of Frome in the early years of this century. But William Markland, the hero of the tale, first makes his appearance at the village of Fulford, near York, and is occasionally met with at Knaresborough. He is a fine young fellow, the son of a studious, absent-minded, impoverished gentleman, who articled him to an attorney; but William had resolved to be a soldier. By the aid of an encouraging veteran officer, Colonel Faulkner, a friend of his father's, he gets an ensigncy, and joins his regiment at Hastings, in Sussex. His experiences of barrack and garrison life, of social entertainments, balls and visits, there and in other towns, of the business of recruiting, in Somersetshire and in Ireland, and of Dublin and Cork, are pleasantly described. A lieutenancy has been purchased for him; but the pecuniary embarrassments of his father, who is absorbed in a profound treatise on Celtic antiquities, forbid William Markland to expect further help in that way of promotion. He goes, in 1808, with his regiment, to the Peninsular War, and fights at the battle of Vimiera. In the city of Lisbon, being there invalided, he finds a little French girl, a lonely child, Louise d'Erlon, daughter of an officer who is with the French army. Lieutenant Markland, soon to be Captain Markland, feels an interest in Louise; some time afterwards, at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, she is found again, by the side of her slain father. (We wish the printers did not mis-spell that name, and make it "Cuidad Rodrigo.") It was a horrid scene there; and Tom Honeybone, from Frome in Somersetshire, was one of the British soldiers who behaved worse than savage beasts, till his Captain and the brave Sergeant interfered. Well, the young girl is saved, and consigned to the care of the Sergeant's wife. She is in England when Captain Markland comes home after four years of campaigning and fighting. Between him and the object of his early attachment, who is a rich heiress, a barrier of separation, by the fault of neither, seems to have arisen. He is a poor man, though with the rank of Major, when he marries the orphan French young lady; then he is killed at Waterloo. Mrs. Hibbert-Ware's new story is a good one, full of incident, often amusing, and morally stimulating in a healthy sense, while reminding us of actions that English readers should not forget.

Her Son. From the German of E. Werner, by Christina Tyrrell. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The mother of this son, and his father also, have died before the tale begins. She was a young Countess Louise, daughter of the sternest and haughtiest of old German nobles, with a tremendous ancestral pedigree and high military rank. When she married Rodenberg, a dissolute young man of middle-class family, Count Steinrück mercilessly cast her off. When she died in widowhood and poverty, he placed "her son" Michael in the cottage of a forester, denying him the means of education. A good parish priest, Father Valentin, kindly gave instruction to the neglected youth. At length, without knowing his parentage, he is sent for by Count Steinrück, severely inspected and brow-beaten, and presently, when a star of diamonds is missing from the table, is falsely accused of theft. His innocence is soon proved; but he learns that the harsh Count Steinrück is his grandfather, and he leaves his rustic home, but is cared for by a worthy Professor Wehlau, and enters the army, in which he makes a creditable figure. The character of Wehlau, a scientific physiologist of repute, peremptory and irascible, though generous, and angry with his son who prefers to be an artist, is cleverly delineated. Michael Rodenberg, a rising young officer, in favour with his superiors, is again presented to General Count Steinrück, who recognises him with surprise, and treats him with austere coldness. He has another grandson, Count Raoul Steinrück; and there is a young cousin, Hertha, who was a little child at the time of Michael's visit to the noble mansion, and who then, in her childish ignorance, carried off the jewel for a plaything. Captain Rodenberg meets them in society, and romance will have it sooner or later, that he and this young lady, who is beautiful and a great heiress, shall be in love with each other. This being the situation, it remains to be seen, by reading the novel to the end, whether the rights of nature and of merit are to be vindicated. Raoul and Michael are rivals, of course; and the former being unworthy of Hertha, there is a quarrel, followed by a challenge to a duel, which the stern old grandfather prohibits. Adventures, unexpected interviews, and revelations of facts and sentiments, lead Hertha to repudiate, on just grounds, her engagement to Count Raoul, and to accept the love of Michael. The outbreak of war between France and Germany is the occasion which brings this personal antagonism to a dramatic crisis. Raoul, who is half a Frenchman, is detected in conniving at the theft of military dispatches by the brother of a French lady, with whom he has an intrigue. The papers had been in the official custody of his grandfather; Michael pursues the traitor, and recovers them before they reach the French frontier. Raoul dies by an accident; the old Count then adopts Michael as his heir, and Hertha becomes his wife. The fantastic element that prevails in much German fiction is not wholly absent from this story; it appears in the portraiture of the hero as a conquering "St. Michael," by the painter Hans Wehlau, in the altar-piece of a chapel. But the author's practical intention seems to be that of exemplifying the cruelty and folly of exclusive aristocratic pride.

The Mammon of Unrighteousness. By Mrs. H. Bennett-Edwards. Three vols. (J. and R. Maxwell).—The representative of this Mammon, that is to say, the object of unrighteous worldly worship, of which, knowing herself to be morally unworthy, she finally gets sick with disgust, is a lady named Estelle, clever, fascinating, cynical, and startling, not always correct in her conduct. She is the wife of a wealthy gentleman, Mr. Romaine, who is a retiring invalid, and who dies in the second volume. The gay and liberal mistress of Millington Towers, giving agreeable parties, and lavishing both her money and her talents in social entertainment, wins more favour in local society than she deserves. Her success is contrasted with the cold shade of unmerited disapproval that hangs over the modest abode of another lady, Mrs. Adair—Guinevere is her Christian name—who lives separated from her husband, and who is poor, and teaches for her livelihood, and was for a short time an actress. This Guinevere is the victim of an unhappy marriage with a scoundrel who has allowed her reputation to be impugned in order to get rid of her, without an exposure of his own misbehaviour; but she is

really innocent, though still retaining an old affection for a certain Captain Frank Carew. The injustice of the world's opinion and treatment of the two women constitutes the main theme dealt with by the novelist, whose intentions are doubtless commendable; but her conceptions of character do not entirely satisfy our judgment. Mrs. Romaine is much too impudent; and the attractive qualities, the wit, grace, frankness, and courage, with which she is credited, ought not to be set against her shameless and heartless behaviour. Among other things, being nearly all things to all men, she is herself an authoress, writing a novel entitled "Deaf Adders," which is very satirical and very shocking, and which is supposed to have been written by Mrs. Adair. It is unlikely that these two women, differing so profoundly in character, would be on such terms of friendly intimacy; nor do we find much consistency in the portraiture of the men, Hugh Crofton, Lord Cravington, and one or two others, whose company is as unedifying as the rest of Estelle's admirers. After the death of Mr. Romaine, being left very rich, she marries one of these, a profligate spendthrift, but soon turns him off, with a cheque for £100,000, and sends for another, who prefers to marry an honest young woman. Estelle, losing her money, is finally converted, and retires to an humble cottage. In the meantime, "Guinevere" is released by the death of her worthless husband, and becomes Mrs. Frank Carew, respected as her virtue merits, but more especially as she has now the advantage of riches. We cannot say that the authoress has succeeded well in the present effort "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

The O'Donnells of Inchfawn. By L. T. Meade. One vol. (Hatchards).—Irish country life, under the dark shadow of failing independence and lost social influence on the part even of kindly native landlords, and the worse mischief of agrarian conspiracy and sore distress among the peasantry, is the main ground of this story, which is inspired by a fair and charitable spirit of goodwill to all classes of people. Mr. Fergus O'Donnell, a widower, with one daughter and one son, having long mismanaged his private affairs, loses the estate and mansion of his ancestors, situated on the shore of Lough Swilly, not very far west of Londonderry. It becomes the property of Mr. Brownlow, an English merchant shipowner, who is detested by the tenantry; but Miss Ellen O'Donnell, continuing with her father to dwell in the neighbourhood, where they live modestly on a small income she has of her own, exerts her powers of persuasion in the cause of peace. She is adored by the poor folk around her, whose sufferings she has often relieved, and whose condition she is most anxious to improve. This brave, generous, high-spirited girl, riding alone over the hills on her stout little mare Sheela, visiting the abodes of misery, and accidentally learning the secret plots of wild violence hatched in frantic and ignorant minds, is the worthy heroine of an interesting and adventurous tale. Her two lovers are young Brownlow, a feeble idler, but modest, sincere, and capable of fine acts of self-devotion; and Philip Arundel, the University friend of her brother, a thoughtful Englishman, who has plans for assisting the Irish peasantry by industrial instruction and organised emigration. A rich and clever young lady in England, Miss Margaret Ellerslie, who is Arundel's cousin, raises funds to carry his scheme into effect. Her character, in which great energy and active benevolence are flavoured with a frolicsome humour, is one of the best figures presented to the reader; and the scenes of her arrival and reception, as an uncomprehended stranger in the wilds of Inishowen, are very good comedy. Arundel unfortunately becomes obnoxious to the desperate Leaguers of the Red Glen, who fancy that he has betrayed their intentions to Mr. Brownlow. He has, indeed, been made aware of a vindictive, but not criminal, endeavour to ruin Mr. Brownlow by furnishing evidence of smuggling practices in which that gentleman is implicated; and he has dissuaded Geoffrey O'Donnell from taking part in this work, as he disapproves of its malicious motive. The conspirators refrain, for Ellen's sake, from killing Arundel, but kidnap him and carry him to a lonely islet off the Donegal coast. Young John Brownlow, happening to have witnessed this outrage, and hating his rival in Ellen's affections, for some days basely conceals his knowledge of the fact; but the grief of Ellen, who is dangerously ill, awakens his just remorse. He nobly atones for the fault by going out unaided, in a small boat, to rescue Philip Arundel from the storm-beaten rock in the ocean, and by losing his own life in the attempt. We do not see why he could not have taken one of his father's steamers from Derry, with a party of the Royal Irish Constabulary on board, to perform his errand more efficiently and safely. The romantic element, however, must be duly consulted in a tale of fiction. On the whole, we find "The O'Donnells of Inchfawn" a good story of its kind, with plenty of strong local colouring, marked individual portraiture, and characteristic delineation of Irish habits and manners.

ARCHERY.

The shooting for season prizes and challenge distinction shows that many clubs are bringing their meetings to a close. The Lady Champion Badge, on gross score of the season by the North Lonsdale Archers, has been won by Mrs. D. Ainsworth, the championess of the north; first season score prizes, first class, Mrs. Ainsworth; second ditto, Mrs. Hibbert. In the second class, the silver challenge badge, presented to the club by Mrs. Ainsworth, was won by Miss Bigland, who also took the prize for first season score, and Mrs. Rigge the second. The Rev. H. Back and Mr. Lloyd Evans also had first and second season score prizes. Mrs. Ainsworth made three golds at one end, and became the recipient of the usual subscription shillings. Miss H. Master and Captain Allen have taken score prizes with the Lugg and Arrow Archery Club. Miss Palmer and Colonel Walron have won the challenge medals of the West Somerset Society. The Lady Paramount's prize, for most hits, fell to Miss Palmer; and Mr. Gataker obtained the president's season prize for most golds. The usual annual match between the West Somerset and Culm Vale Archers resulted in a victory for Culm Vale. Mr. G. Knowles has won, for the third year in succession, the silver challenge cup of the North Ribblesdale Archers for most golds. Last week's annual prize meeting of the Fakenham and Dereham Club (Norfolk), held on the grounds of Colonel Bulwer, at Quebec, terminated in the award of the club badge to Miss Norgate; the gentlemen's not being awarded. Mrs. Fenwick had the prize for aggregate score of 1137, and Mr. P. Norgate that for aggregate score of 765. General Montagu and Miss Rogers won prizes for most hits.

In a General Order to the Army, the Duke of Cambridge has conferred the silver medal for distinguished conduct in the field upon Conductor of Supplies Samuel Reid, a warrant officer of the Commissariat and Transport Corps.

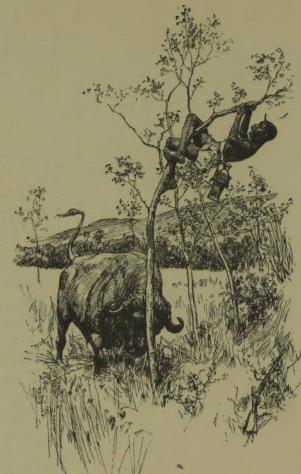
The President of the United States has awarded gold watches and chains to Captain J. Hurst and Mr. J. Gilson, of the British steamer Wydall, as a mark of his appreciation of the valuable services rendered by them to the crew of the American schooner Joseph Baymore.

Sketches
ON THE
River Congo.

BY
E. J. GLAIVE
AND
H. WARD.



A MAJUNGA GENTLEMAN.



BONGO N'SANDA AND THE BUFFALO.



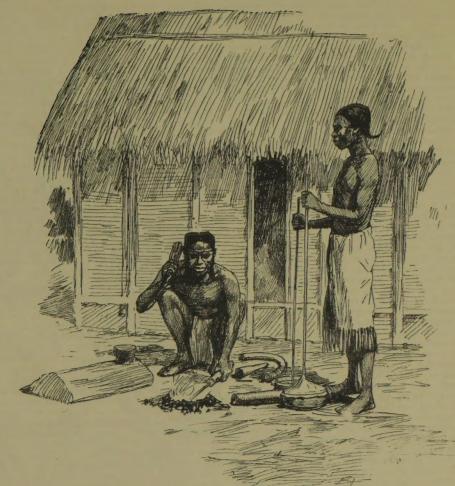
N'GUMA (BA-YANZI MAN).



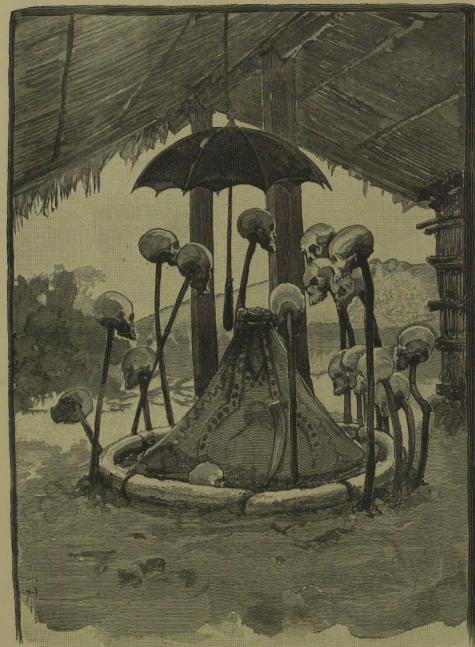
VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.



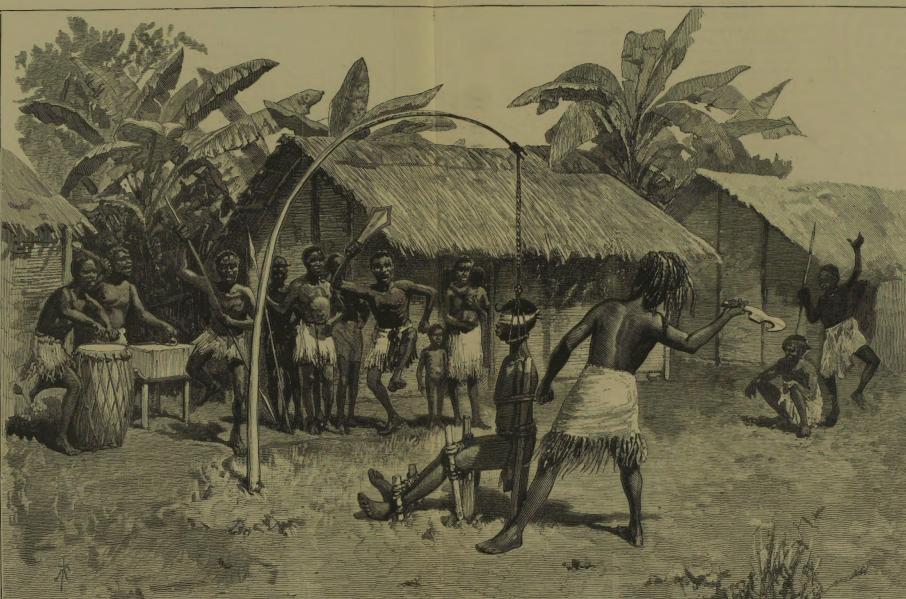
LUKANDA (BA-YANZI WOMAN).



A BA-YANZI BLACKSMITH.

MONUMENT OF MUD, DAUBED WITH OCHRE IN FANTASTIC FIGURES.
Ten women were here buried alive with the corpse of a Chief; the skulls are those of his slaves.

A BA-YANZI GRAVE, WITH BROKEN CROCKERY.



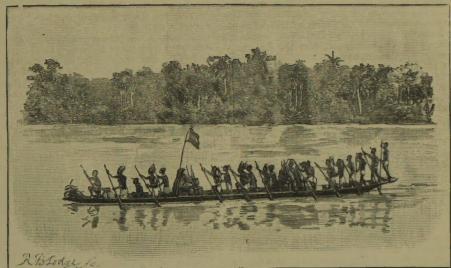
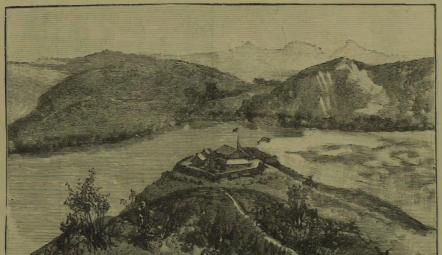
A BA-YANZI EXECUTION.



VIVI, FROM THE ISANGHILA-ROAD.



A LADY OF LUKUNGU.

TRADING-CANOE ON THE CONGO.
A. B. Lodge, Jr.

VIEW TO NORTH-WEST FROM ISANGHILA, WITH THE STATION.

SKETCHES ON THE CONGO: THE BA-YANZI.

The readers of Mr. H. M. Stanley's and Mr. H. Johnston's books on the Congo region and its native inhabitants will remember the descriptions of Isanghila, one of the most promising stations of commercial colonisation, situated about thirty miles above Vivi, and at a point where the navigation of the river upward begins to clear itself from the obstacles interposed by the cataracts that impede its course for a considerable distance below. Isanghila is also a place of some importance with regard to intercourse with the population of the upper region as far as the Equator, for here the tribes along the river belong to the Ba-yanzi race, whose language and habits differ in many respects from those of the Lower Congo. The Sketches which we are this week enabled to publish were taken in that neighbourhood by Mr. E. J. Glave and Mr. H. Ward, mostly about two years or a year and a half ago; they represent with much fidelity the scenery of that part of the Congo, and the features of the local population, with their peculiar manners and customs.

Vivi, nearly a hundred miles from the sea, at the western gate of the region of mountains and cataracts, was the site of the first station founded by Mr. Stanley in 1879; but considerable alterations have been made in the establishment there. Its situation is well shown in Mr. Ward's sketch of the view looking up the valley from the road to Isanghila; but it must be explained that the piece of building on the top of a rock immediately overhanging the river, in the centre of this view, is "Old Vivi," the original habitation of Mr. Stanley's party, which has been abandoned within the last few years; and the present abode of the settlement, under the officials of the Congo Free State, is the more spacious and commodious group of houses seen on the broad plateau to the left hand. The rock chosen by Mr. Stanley for the site of his experiment, and for a commanding standpoint in his efforts to negotiate with the wild people of Central Africa, which have proved wonderfully successful, must always be regarded with interest; and we may anticipate that in future times, when the Congo shall have become the highway of traffic and civilisation, a monument to his honour will be reared on that remarkable summit. It rises, on the south bank of the Congo, abruptly to a height of 270 ft. above the river, at an elevation of 370 ft. above the sea-level. The steep-sided, isolated hill, almost inaccessible except from behind, or by a road winding up from the river-bank, would be suitable for a fortress, but has been found inconvenient for a commercial settlement. On one side, a stream falls in small cascades through clefts and chasms in the rock, overhung with trees, and descends to fertilise the banana plantations and gardens in the valley. On the other side, a wider valley is filled with rich-hued greenwoods that extend farther, over undulating ground, to the distant rolling downs in the west. The summit was levelled by Mr. Stanley, employing native labour, to form a platform 80 ft. square, on which he built a two-storeyed house for his own residence, and for his offices, with rooms for the second officer of his party and for the doctor; a large barrack, containing a number of bed-rooms for the other white men, and an airy dining-room for all; a kitchen, a bath-house, an observatory, store-houses, and domestic conveniences. The verandah of the dwelling-house commanded a beautiful view of the river, with its swirling rapids and wooded islets; and two broad flights of steps from the upper platform led down to a large garden planted with useful vegetables, surrounded by storehouses, fowl-houses, cattle-sheds, pigsties, and the like, beyond which was the powder-magazine. The clusters of huts inhabited by his numerous African servants were below; each of the different races, his trusty Zanzibar followers from the east coast of Africa, his Kroomen from the west coast, and the Kabindas from the Lower Congo, dwelling apart from the others. When Mr. Johnston was at Vivi, early in the year 1883, he found about twenty-seven Europeans living there; and the hospitality of Mr. Stanley made it a very pleasant visit. The household afforded every comfort that a reasonable guest could desire: well-cooked dinners of much variety, wine, coffee, tea, or chocolate; and there was a small but well-selected library. From the river-bank, as one sat in the verandah, arose the cries of the Kroobos unloading a steam-boat, or nearer was heard the chattering of natives who came up to barter their products for the white man's cotton cloth, beads, knives, and other manufactured goods. A troop of women might be seen, with pitchers on their heads, going down to the brook for water, or to wash their linen beneath the shady trees. Hammering went on at the forge and in the carpenter's workshop; the native road-makers, proud to serve Bula Matade, the "Breaker of Rock," as they called Mr. Stanley, marched out with their pickaxes to useful labour. Such was life at "Old Vivi"; and such is the scene of peaceful industry, of domestic security, and of social order, presented at this day by this and other settlements on the Congo.

There can be no doubt of the beneficent character of this conquest of civilising moral influences, which has been achieved without any conflict by frank and friendly dealing with the African race, by showing them how to satisfy their wants and wishes through the fair practice of trade and work for wages, instead of war and rapine. Their heathen and savage condition is sufficiently deplorable; and some of these sketches of the Ba-yanzi show the grim and ugly aspect of native barbarism,

while in others it appears merely grotesque. Patriarchal chieftainship, among those nations, implies polygamy and slavery carried to such a pitch of devotion that the wives or women of the chief's household, when their master dies, must expect to be buried alive, with the idea that they are to serve him in the after-life. While a number of slaves, the favourite and most faithful, must be slaughtered that their skulls may ornament the memorial erected to his name, which is, as we see, a conical mound of clay, painted with fantastic figures in colours of ochre. Here is matter for reflection on that most prevailing vice of egotism, which even superior civilisation does not wholly eradicate, but which flourishes in savage life to the sublimest perfection: because the great man dies, his inferior dependents are to be put to a horrible death, and in Ba-yanzi social morality this is but right and proper. The monument is made more stately by suspending over it a European umbrella, purchased from some trader at a great price. A sepulchral arrangement of less tragical aspect is the grave of some rich man, probably not of the same exalted rank, decorated with two miserable flags, and covered with a lot of broken plates, dishes, and bottles, likewise of European manufacture, which are the symbols of his wealth, and have been sacrificed in honour of their deceased owner. Mr. Glave contributes, in another drawing, which occupies the central place among our Engravings, the picture of a Ba-yanzi execution, witnessed by himself. It is not the judicial punishment of a criminal; we will give the explanation and description in his own words:—

"The revolting custom of human sacrifice is carried on to a horrible extent on the Upper Congo River, principally by the Ba-yanzi tribes. All slaves, both men and women, are liable to this barbarity. These people are under the impression that a man dying in this world is simply transferred to another, there to carry on exactly the same existence, requiring the same food and attendance. Upon the death of a chief, his relatives or friends kill about half his slaves, men and women, to go with him, they say, to attend to his wants, and to serve for his protection; it being very *infra dig.* for a chief to make his entry into the next world without a certain following. The women are strangled; a rope is put round the neck of the victim, a man climbs a tree, and ties the rope to a branch, the woman being held up, so that when they let her go she is swung in mid-air in her dying struggles; these cause great merriment among the spectators, not thinking that at least a great many of them will share the same fate sooner or later. The men are beheaded, as shown in my sketch. The victim is seated on a log of wood; two stakes are then driven into the ground, one each side of him, and as high as his shoulder; bands are then put round his body, inclosing it in these stakes, then two stakes are driven by his knees, and two by his ankles, one at each side, and he is securely bound to them with rope. A ring of cane is then put round the neck, with several leaders of string, which are drawn up and tied in a knot above his head; a pliable pole, about 18 ft. long, is then driven into the ground, 9 ft. from the man's seat. It is bent down, just above the man's head; a small piece of rope is fastened to the top of pole, and the other end of the rope is made fast to the knot above the man's head. This being now at very strong tension, the whole body is quite immovable, and the neck is stretched to its full extent. The executioner then makes his appearance. He makes a chalk mark on the poor fellow's neck; then, with one blow, severs the head from the trunk. The spectators at this seem to lose all control over themselves. They tear down the head from the pole, and there is a ghastly scrimmage for it, often resulting in a free fight."

The Ba-yanzi, however, with all these cruel customs, are superior to some of the other nations of the Congo. They make pottery, neat wooden furniture, and other articles, often decorated with taste, build neat houses, especially at the town of Bolo, and are skilled in working iron and other metals, fabricating knives and hatchets, which they sell to the Ba-teke and the Wa-buma. They are fond of music; and the tones of their five-stringed lyre, and of the marimba, a sort of dulcimer with thin slips of metal arranged as keys on a sounding-board, are sweetly sonorous. They cultivate maize, sweet potato, sugar, tobacco, manioc, banana, the oil-palm and ground-nuts for trade, and semi-tropical fruits, such as the orange and pine-apple, introduced from the Portuguese of the west coast. They have no horses or oxen, and few sheep, but keep goats, pigs and poultry; they catch fish in abundance, and preserve them by smoking. The Ba-yanzi are not of the negro race, according to ethnologists, but belong purely to the "Bantu" family, which includes the people around Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyassa, in Eastern Africa, and on the Zambesi. Their skins are of a chocolate brown colour; they are well shaped, and have abundance of hair, but usually pluck out the beard, moustache, and whiskers, eyebrows, and eyelashes. They scar themselves on the forehead, breast and belly, and temples, with incised marks denoting the tribe; dye the hair and nails with a red pigment, and stiffen their plaited tresses or pigtails with clay and grease; often stick parrot-feathers and various other ornaments about their persons, and wear ear-rings, nose-rings, necklaces, or bracelets, while one or two small pieces of grass-cloth suffice for the dress of the "fashionable lady of Lukungu." Some of the sketches by Mr. Ward, representing these people, were taken at the village of Makendi, in the N'dunka district, on the north bank of the Congo.

The view of Isanghila, with the station on its bluff, looking down over the broad river to right and left, opposite a tall cliff beyond which all is forest and mountains, is next in interest to that of Vivi. Eighty miles higher up the Congo is the Manyanga station; after which, still proceeding to the north-west, it is more than a hundred miles to Leopoldville and Stanley Pool, and to the capital of the Congo Free State. The routes of native trade, however, do not closely follow the course of the river; and the Isanghila station is six or seven miles from the large market-village, where hundreds of people, once a week, bring their poultry, eggs, fruit, and vegetables for sale. The appearance of the river at Isanghila is very peculiar: one part of its width, near the base of the cliff, is churned into foaming white waves; the other part gliding on with glassy smoothness, till the whole plunges together over a hidden ledge of rock, below which it is much agitated, throwing up quantities of spray. The Ngoma Falls are a few miles lower down; they are succeeded by other cataracts and rapids, terminating in the great Falls of Yellala, thirteen miles above Vivi. The steam-boats employed can ascend this part of the river, but with difficulty; and it is proposed to construct a railway. One of the native trading canoes is represented among our Illustrations.

PERPETUAL PENSIONS.

The following is the report of the House of Commons Select Committee appointed to inquire how far the hereditary pensions, allowances, and payments ought to be continued:

That pensions, allowances, and payments ought not in future to be granted in perpetuity, on the ground that all such grants should be limited to the persons actually rendering the services intended to be rewarded by such grants, and that such rewards should be wholly or in main part defrayed by the generation benefited by the services so recognised. That it is unjust that future generations should be burdened with payments to persons who had no share in the original services. That offices with salaries and without duties, or with merely nominal duties, ought to be abolished. That all existing perpetual pensions, allowances, and payments, and all hereditary offices should be determined and abolished. That in all such commutations the Lords of the Treasury should take into consideration the circumstances of such pension, allowance, or payment, and whether or not any real service had been rendered by the original grantee, or was now performed by the actual holder of the office. That where no service, or merely nominal service, is rendered by the holder of an hereditary office, and where no service, or merely nominal service, was rendered by the original grantee of the pension, allowance, or payment attached to such office, the pension, allowance, or payment shall in no case continue beyond the life of the present holder or recipient. That in all cases the method of commutation ought to involve and ensure a real and substantial saving to the nation. That the rate of commutation usually adopted, of about twenty-seven years' purchase, is too high. That since Jan. 1, 1881, 330 pensions, payments, and allowances, amounting in all to the annual sum of £18,957 9s. 6d., have been commuted by the payment of £527,933 18s. 4d., and at rates of commutation varying from ten years to thirty years' purchase. That some of these pensions appear to have been commuted, notwithstanding formal objections in writing lodged with the Lords of the Treasury, and without sufficient inquiry into the matter stated in such objections.

A great show of fruit, cut flowers, and dahlias was held on Friday and Saturday last week at the Crystal Palace.

A short line of railway connecting Brighton with the Devil's Dyke was opened on the 1st inst. by the Hon. Mrs. Ashley Ponsonby. The line will be worked by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company.

A poll on the proposal to adopt the Free Libraries Act in York was taken on the 2nd inst., the result being 2015 for and 2832 against, showing a majority against of 817. A poll was taken in 1881, when there was a majority of 1895 against. Upwards of £5000 which had been subscribed towards a free library will now be returned to the subscribers.

The Church Congress will be opened on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 3, by Divine service at the collegiate church of St. Peter, Wolverhampton, when the sermon will be preached by the Bishop of Durham. On Tuesday the president, the Bishop of Lichfield, will deliver his address in the Drill Hall, after which "The Church and History, and the Adaptation of Spiritual Agencies to Modern Needs," will be discussed at the morning and afternoon meetings.

A violent gale, accompanied with heavy rainfall, prevailed on Thursday and Friday last week, and great damage was done to shipping, buildings, fruit-trees, and agricultural produce. During the gale last Friday the iron ship Falls of Bruar, on a voyage from Hamburg to Calcutta, sank about twenty-five miles from Yarmouth. Twenty-four of her crew went down with her, and five escaped by clinging to the wreckage or a capsized boat till they were rescued by a smack. They were landed at Yarmouth on Saturday night. The British schooner Lydia has been lost in the hurricane off the North Atlantic coast, and fifteen men have been drowned. Other maritime fatalities are recorded.

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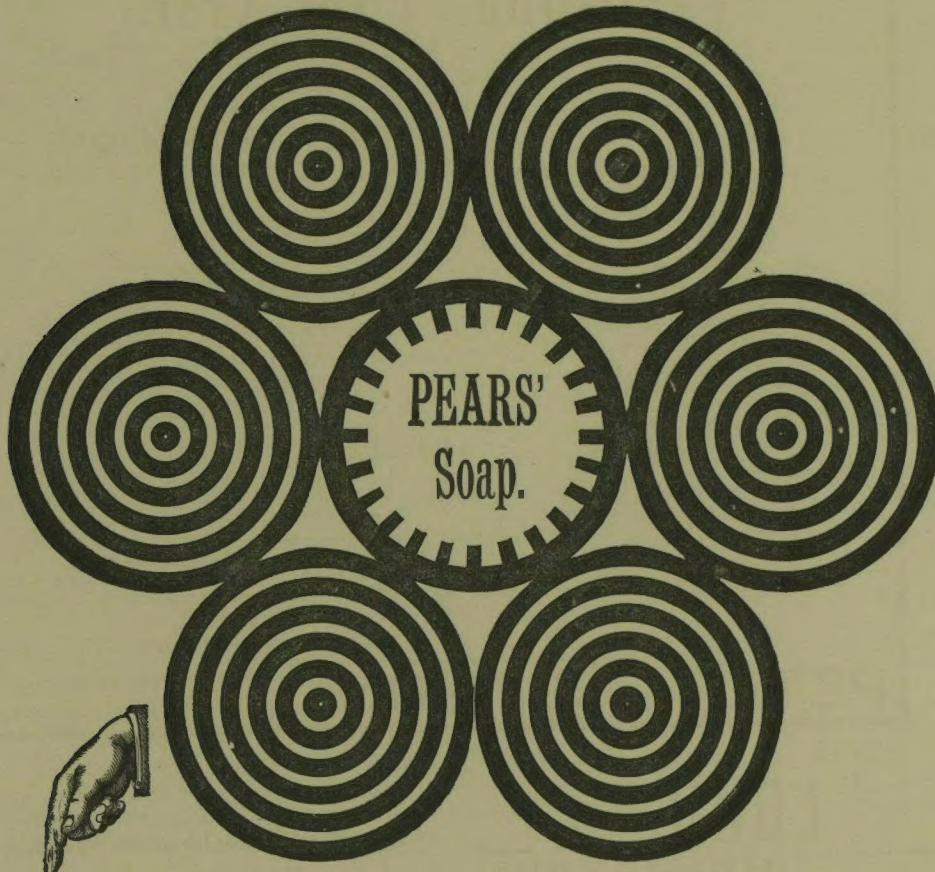
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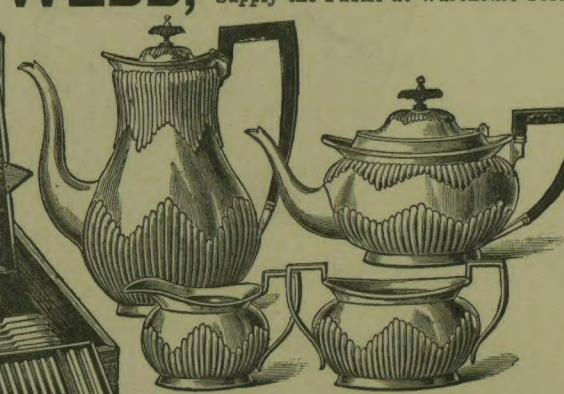
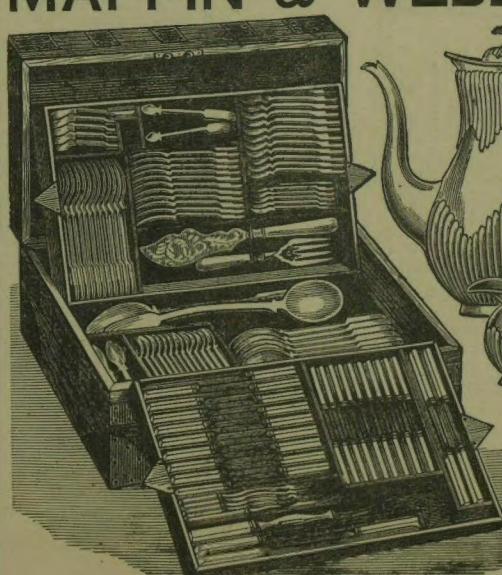
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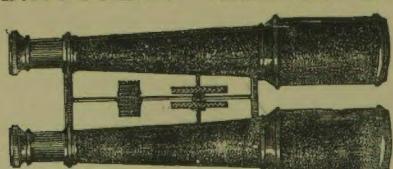
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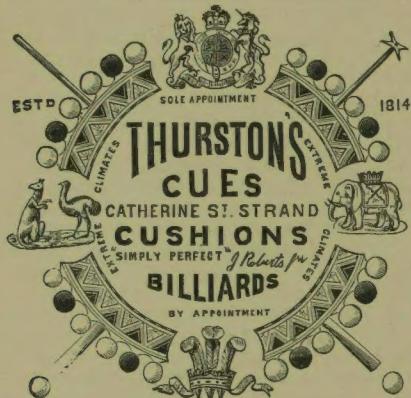
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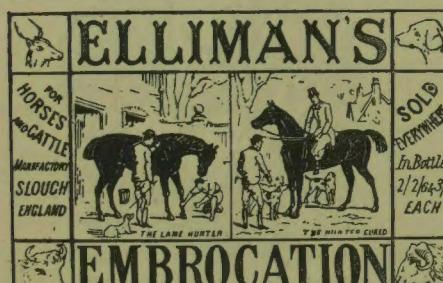
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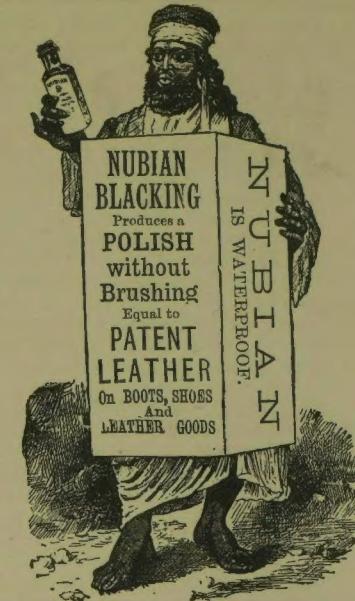
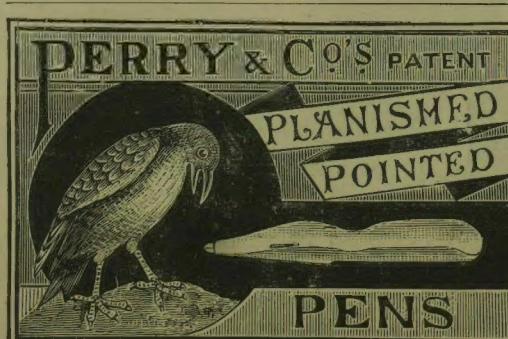
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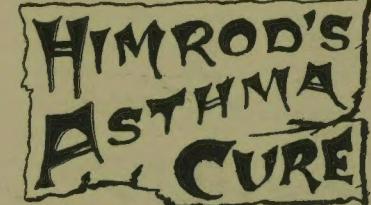
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